

The TATLER

Vol. CLIV. No. 1998.

London
October 11, 1939



Brandy and

ROSS'S

Ginger Ale

— a fine pick-me-up

EXSHAW

the Perfect Liqueur

BRANDY

HIGHLAND QUEEN

*Grand 10
Liqueur*



MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD. - Scotch
Whisky Distillers, Leith Glasgow, London.



ALL THEY ASK IS A CHANCE IN LIFE . . .

to make themselves useful citizens. The Society maintains and trains a family of 1,165 poor boys and girls—will you help us in this great effort? Financial help is urgently required to carry on this most worthy cause, and will be gratefully acknowledged

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED

**THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES &
"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP**

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2
FOUNDED 1843 President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.



ROYAL BATH HOTEL

'PHONE BOURNEMOUTH 5555

IN A SAFE AREA

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Hi! John



Just a little signalling work . . . and the message is P.L.A.Y.E.R.S. The usual one where good Cigarettes are concerned . . . the only one to obtain that individual fragrance, flavour and outstanding quality so appreciated by thousands of smokers.

*Player's
Please*

ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE

MEDIUM or MILD

PLAIN OR
CORK TIPS
N.C.C. 507M

The TATTLER

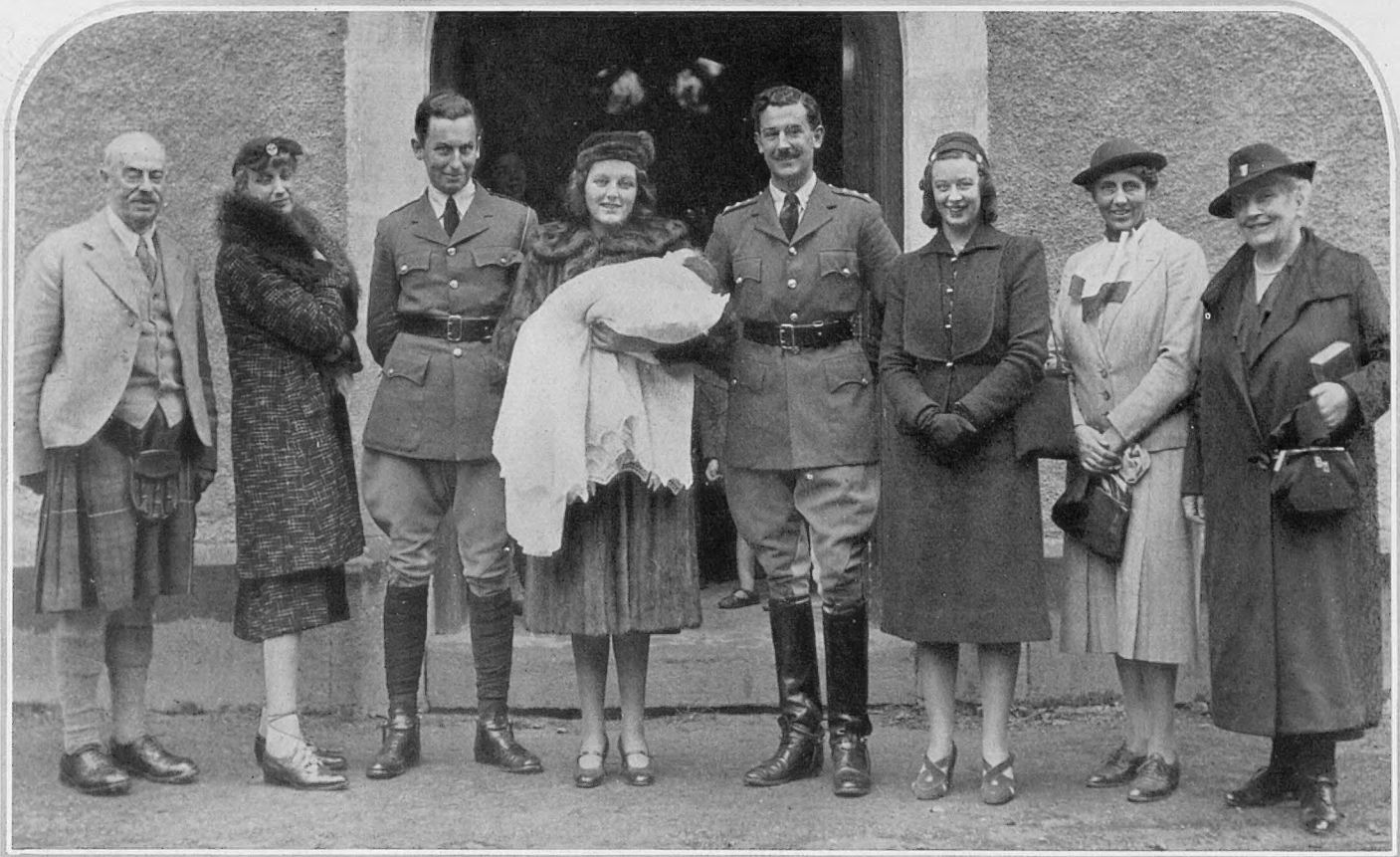
Vol. CLIV. No. 1998. London, October 11, 1939

POSTAGE: Inland 11d.; Canada and Newfoundland 11d.; Foreign 21d. Price One Shilling



"NOW WE HAVE BEGUN; NOW WE ARE GOING ON!"

In his speeches the First Lord of the Admiralty has so illuminated and interpreted the fighting determination of the British people that he has become for many of us the symbol of this country's will to destroy the terror that threatens Europe. "It was for Hitler to say when the war would begin, but it is not for him or his successors to say when it will end." Up to now Mr. Winston Churchill has been charged with the direction of the Royal Navy, pursuing "with zeal, and not altogether without relish," the menace of the U-boat. "It is a strange thing for me," said Mr. Churchill, "to sit at the Admiralty again after a quarter of a century and find myself moving over the same course against the 'same enemy'; strange possibly for Mr. Churchill, but infinitely reassuring for his country



AT THE CHRISTENING OF LORD LOVAT'S HEIR

Paterson

In this picture, which is naturally a valuable record, are the four-weeks-old Master of Lovat, with his parents, Lord and Lady Lovat of Beaufort Castle, Beaulieu, after he had been christened Simon Augustin Fraser, at Eskdale Chapel, Beaulieu, Inverness-shire. The ceremony was on October 1. The full list of names in the group are, left to right: Major the Hon. Alastair Fraser of Moniac Castle, Lord Lovat's uncle; Laura, Lady

And the World Said—

Lovat, Lord Lovat's mother; Lieutenant the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Lord Lovat's brother; Lady Lovat (holding the young Master of Lovat); Lord Lovat, who is a captain in the Lovat Scouts and was formerly in the Brigade of Guards; Miss Arbell Mackintosh of Mackintosh (godmother); Lady Sybil Fraser of Moniac and the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Constable Maxwell of Fairlie, Lord Lovat's aunt

"The foundations of our national glory are in the homes of the people."—George V.

IN the last war John Buchan, one of King George's favourite novelists ("John Macnab" being H.M.'s favourite Buchan) was writing the most thrilling of his tales "Thirty-Nine Steps," "Greenmantle," and the rest. They gave entertainment to thousands in the homes of the people and in less cushy spots. His successor in this line is one Graham Greene who, having secured a literary reputation with "The Man Within" and "England Made Me," wrote a brilliant macabre story "Brighton Rock," which left what would have been called a bad taste in the mouth before the moral palate became hard-boiled. Now he has written "The Confidential Agent," which has only two faults: it is too short by half, and the boat train never leaves Dover without stragglers from the Customs, unless there is a second portion. Therefore his hero and heroine should not have been left behind in the first chapter. Swallowing this false premise, it's a peach of a terror-struck yarn. I have not been so



LADY ALMA JOLLY

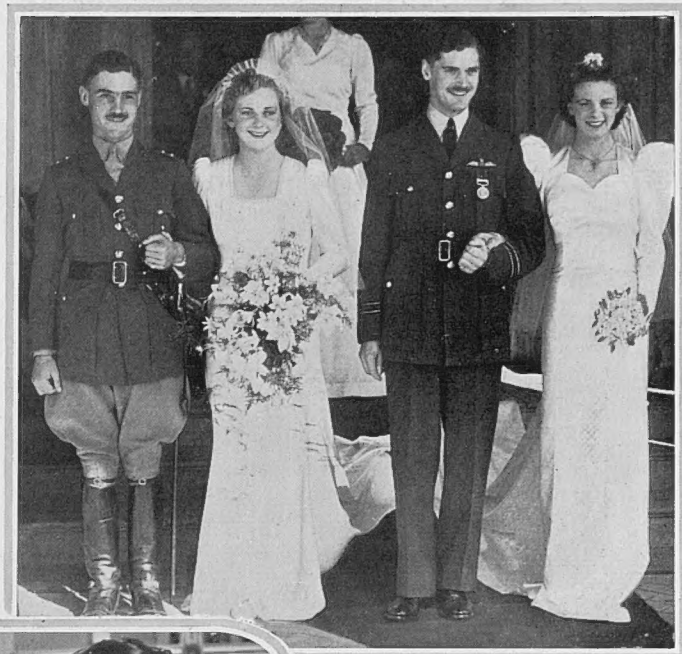
Hay Wrightson

The devoted friend in this picture answers to the name of "Mr. Wu." Lady Alma Jolly, wife of Mr. Stewart Jolly, is a half-sister of the Earl of Clancarty and a daughter of Mary, Countess of Clancarty, who is a daughter of the late Mr. W. F. R. Ellis. Lady Alma Jolly has been hard at work on a V.A.D. course

frightened by a book since devouring "The Body-Snatchers," in early youth. Even now I never drive past "The Fishers Tryst" (just beyond the Royal Scots depot at Glencorse on the Edinburgh Road) without being glad I am in a car, for Stevenson's story put a spell upon the place. Graham Greene is the literary descendant of John Buchan's earlier phase, as Buchan was of R. L. S. Though the new wizard has learnt in the ruthless American school, his economic use of an educated vocabulary is such an enlargement on Hemingway that he seems to be writing another language. Twenty-five years makes a difference to the ethical angle; Lord Tweedsmuir (to whose second son, "Billy" Buchan, congratulations on his engagement) was nearer the Kiplingesque flag-waggers, and the old-school-ties and never-say-dies of A. E. W. Mason, while Mr. Greene's muse is of today—unsentimental, unheroic and anxious. Yet he gives the Agent D those characteristics which have been associated with a hero ever since the stone man felt a dawning admiration for courage, self-abnegation, and the

quality of pity, while doodling on the wall of a cave.

Whether our official doodles have opened the eyes of many Germans to their own stupidity is a moot point. No one likes being told he has been fooled, but the English confetti containing an account of the milliards of marks the German leaders have salted away must have promoted a state of mind ripe for change. Many suspected that something of the kind had been going on. Documented confirmation of these suspicions give them to think furiously about their leaders. Keener money-makers than any people except the Scots—much keener than either the nation of shop-keepers or the thrifty French—the Germans drive hard bargains (as Russia will find when she barter her very raw materials for mechanical plant) and resent, but respect, those they cannot "do." Politically, the German is a sheep and always has been; commercially he is no fool. In little things absolutely honest, he likes your Government to be chicaned by his Government and his firm to put over a fast one on your firm, but he does not pick your pockets. His leaders' thefts, though hardly petty, must shock him; his own pockets have been turned inside out by those who became his new mythology on promising to deliver him from the indubitable rapacity of his Jews. The result has been out of the ghetto and down the drain. Given facts he can weigh the guilt in his mind; the unfathomable mind which thinks it wonderfully clever of German airmen to have worn Polish uniforms and flown low over villages in planes with Polish markings, waving to gain the peasants' confidence, then raining bombs on those who ran out to wave back. I hope Madame Tabouis was right (the witch often is) and that General von Fritsch received a bullet in the back for protesting against similar attacks, rather than because he was too popular. If he died for this he was the only German hero of that lamentable campaign. There are gentlemen in Germany, appearances to the contrary, but they have not exercised much influence since the dominance of Prussia. When war is over the gentler elements will have an opportunity to flower in the revived culture and Catholic traditions of the pre-Bismarck States, provided complete Communism is not established before the Allies can set up a Catholic Poland, a Catholic Austria, a



SERVICE DOUBLE WEDDING
IN SIMLA

Two sisters married simultaneously into the Services the other day in Simla, when Miss Elizabeth Bannatyne was married to Lieutenant Ian Justice, R.A., and Miss Barbara Bannatyne to Flight Lieutenant C. L. Y. Wright. The brides are daughters of Major-General Niel Bannatyne, Military Secretary, A.H.Q., India



SEEN AROUND TOWN

Lady Gage, whose home Firle, near Lewes, is now converted into a school, was caught by the camera chatting to Lord Stanley, of Alderley, in the foyer of the Ritz. Lady Gage, who is a daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough, would, but for the war, have spent September duck shooting on the Danube, as a guest of King Carol of Rumania



A WARTIME SUPPER PARTY

Among those getting behind the blackout at the Café de Paris recently, have been Mrs. Heber-Percy (left) and Lord and Lady Shrewsbury. Lord Shrewsbury, a godson of King George V and Queen Mary, succeeded his grandfather, the twentieth earl, in 1921. Lady Shrewsbury is a daughter of Brigadier-General C. R. Crofton, who was in command of the 9th Scottish Yeomary Cavalry Brigade at the end of the last performance on the Western Front

Catholic Bavaria, then Wurtemberg, Saxony, Baden, Hesse, Mecklenburg, Anhalt, Brunswick and so on, in the regional governments for which Foch saw the necessity, as he saw the failure to occupy and police Prussia (without whose religion of brute force Europe would form a more or less united states) as the beginning of the next war—which it was. This time we must back the French who are already on German soil (bless them) when it comes to "hanging the washing on the Siegfried Line" and hanging the Führer in Berlin. It is no good treating the pagan Prussians as gentlemen; consideration

should be reserved for those others who wish to live in Christian peace with their neighbours. Prussia should be not only liquidated but eliminated. The third time in the memory of her grandparents that she has had to fight the same monster, France believes that, frightful as war may become, if this diplomatic prologue peters out, the grande finale will prove three times lucky.

* * *

Among those who feel intelligent sympathy for what was best in Germany are Sir Thomas Moore and Sir Abe Bailey. The latter attaches all the blame to Hitlerism. But when he hears in South Africa how German propaganda divided the country until General Smuts stepped into General Hertzog's shoes—not a minute too soon—brave Sir Abe will be able to judge whether the whole blame can be attached to one group of men. German propaganda found rich soil among the divided opinions, interests and breeds of British Africa. Mr. Pirow, the former Minister of Defence, whose admiring impressions of his reception in Berlin were gilded by Atticus before the war, has done the Empire harm. Germany has been wooing South African business and opinion for years, while England has her magnates and legislators to blame for taking the minimum

And the World said—*continued*

notice of this complex Dominion. Few of our big men have bothered to visit South Africa recently; an exception, Lord Horne of Slamannan, who has been lunching at the Ritz alone, as is his preference, while Mrs. Nigel Bengough (whose brother, Sir George Albu, was deciding to send his children to the coast when the threat of rioting in Johannesburg melted with the advent of the Smuts Government) lunches at Claridge's with her husband, once more in the R.A.F. Maybe, South Africa is not sending troops this time because she has her hands full—de-Germanizing the minority's point-of-view will be a sufficiently big undertaking. The Scandinavian point-of-view is solid. Losing ships to Germany every day, even the hitherto somewhat pro-German Swedes see which is the guilty party. Dean Inge says we attached too much guilt to the Kaiser. We are certainly over-blaming Hitler by attributing the whole cataclysm to his treble-crossing. This is making too much of his magnetic powers, which he has only been able to put over because the German people enjoyed the process of robbing the Jews and hitting all who cannot hit back much. Exhibitionism and sadism are not talked about in England, where there is little inclination to either, but the German who enjoys dressing up *à la* Goering (the Marshal's bracelets are as celebrated as his uniforms) and feels pleasure when defenceless people are savaged, is a pathological case. If he was as interested in women as the Italians and the French, or as gone on horses and dogs as the English, or as fond of argument and whisky as the Scots, this particular frightfulness could not have developed. Hitlerism satisfied the unmentionable brute side of the German nature. Those who feel the whole thing is hopeless should take Lord Donegall's tip and listen to news in English from Germany. The announcer has a *pseudo*-B.B.C. accent (as if the B.B.C. accent was not sufficiently irritating) which is so indignantly sissy that you long to give the poor little thing a slap on the you-know-where. If he is a renegade Englishman he is doing his bit—that plaintive misunderstood voice is good for a laugh. So is the Little Non-Stop, the wartime edition of Herbert Farjeon's revue in which Cyril Ritchard and Hermione Baddeley carry on ever so, but it is George Benson's silly sergeant who easily persuades the audience to join in *Even Hitler Had a Mother*. The best line is to be thankful he was not twins. Lady Astor's good-looking niece, Mrs. Joyce Grenfell, does a "refained" lecturer at the village institute, describing "Useful and Acceptable Gifts." Her perfect timing and inflection deserve more of this Ruth Draperish material. There is applause for Hermione Baddeley bemoaning that a line of hers never gets a laugh unless Beatrice Lillie says it, and for the skit on the near nudes at the Prince of Wales who fidget or take forty winks while the tenor fails to hold the stage. Both shows keep the same early hours or the lazies in Coventry Street might see themselves as the lovelies in John Street see them.

Lovelies and others who are still filling the Ritz for lunch (since the Budget a higher proportion leaves for the bun shops after cocktails) include Mrs. John Wilson (Princess Natalie Paley) in a Vogue group with her husband, Noel Coward's business partner; Lady Juliet Duff and Cecil Beaton revelling

in his day off from a telephone switch. Major Keith Trevor, of Paris (who was Lady Juliet's second husband), roams the central carpet where Charles Walsh is waiting for his former wife, the beautiful Irish Barbara, who comes in with Irish Lady Milton, while Lady Louis Mountbatten goes out with her dogs, who are not allowed to lunch in the restaurant, even if there is a war on. She is tweeded, with a handkerchief round her hair. Mrs. Richard Norton is tweeded and bare-headed. It is one of her husband's first appearances since his dreadful motor accident; daughter Sarah is with them and Lady Brownlow also in country clothes, but the majority are be-furred and black-hatted. Those who are wearing New-market clothes look smarter because more suited to the times we live in than those orchidaceous ones who have gone to the opposite extreme from sweaters and slacks which suit few female figures, though Lady Mainwaring looks grand in the rose pink corduroys she wears eight hours out of twenty-four, as a shift leader at one of the smaller ambulance stations. Hers is the most united and attractive shift I have come across; the absence of bickering and grumbling being a tribute to a leader who knows how to be efficient without adopting the brass-hat manner which ill becomes the more intelligent sex.

On the lunch list—Madame de Gripenberg (hiding her husband's anxieties and commiserating with "the Estonians" as diplomats call H.E. and Madame Schmidt) with Mrs. "Bertie" Stern, whose nineteen-year-old Barbara is having a war wedding; General "G." Trotter; Pamela Digby (now Churchill); Ghislaine Dresselhuys; Lady Diana Cooper; Princess Natasha Bagration (who works from ten till five at a dress shop and from five till ten at the B.B.C.); Lady Hardwicke turned out like a *Parisienne*, as befits a diplomat's daughter; the Duke of Beaufort; "Reggie" Fellowes; Lady Ossory; "Billy" Clyde back from America in fighting form; Mrs. Gordon Claridge and Mr. and pretty Mrs. "Nicky" Embericos. She was one of the Dorchester girls of fabulous memory. Their child is with Lady Jersey

in the country. The former Virginia Cherrill has taken her husband's nieces and nephews, in all a nursery of six, plus I forget how many hundred children in the big house. Domestic upheavals, for better or worse, bring up Peter Lunn's answer when Lady Mabel asked what he thought Hitler's unknown weapon could mean—"Evacuation, of course, mummy." The Mürrenites will be glad to hear Peter thinks he will get his heart's desire—a commission—while John Lunn is already in the Army *via* the Militia. In this war it's about as easy to get into the Army as into the Athæneum, to use their father's expression. "Arnie" was discovered near Piccadilly Circus leaning against a pillar box (one with a yellow band which should turn red if gas is about) talking brilliantly as usual, and pretending he had not lost his gas mask. The most attractive thing about London is its beauty by night and its empty streets by day, where you meet unexpected pals and can talk without being deafened. It feels like a village. Village lads include Lord Stanley of Alderley, who swings down St. James's as if it was the deck of his yacht; ambulance-driver Lord Aberdare, who wears the pin the disappointed Australian Rugby team gave him for welcoming them and sending them home again; and Mr. Thomas Egerton, with silvery initials on his impeccable black gas-mask cover.



COLCHESTER GARRISON WHIP MARRIES

Douglas Went

The wedding took place recently at Langham Church, near Colchester, of Mr. David Stancomb, youngest son of Captain A. M. Stancomb, R.N., and Mrs. Stancomb, of Bush House, Spaxton, Bridgewater, Somerset and Miss Anne Harter, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. F. Harter, of Highfields, Langham, Colchester, Essex. Mr. Stancomb is one of the whips of the Colchester Garrison Beagles, a famous pack which has been kept up by the officers stationed in Colchester since it was started by Capt. Margesson of the 56th Regiment in 1861. The bridegroom's brother officer, Mr. John Mogg, who was best man, is joint-Master. In the picture are the bride and bridegroom, the bride's parents and Miss Susan Harter and Mr. Mogg

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

WEDDING BELLS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. DUGALD SKENE
PIPED AWAY FROM CHURCH



GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON AND
LIEUTENANT AND MRS. ROBERT BAIRD
AT THE GORDON DUFF-BAIRD WEDDING

AND GOLF BELLES



LIEUTENANT AND MRS.
LACHLAN GORDON DUFF



MISS MARY GIBBS AND MISS
MARCIA WYLD AT NORTH BERWICK



ALSO MISS JANE MALCOLM
ONE FINE MORNING



AND MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR
AT THE 5th TEE

War weddings still continue to be almost as much news as the enemy's choicest fiction from the seat of war! The top pictures are concerned with two recent Scottish ones. One is that of Captain Dugald Skene, who is in a very famous Highland regiment, to Miss Diana Sutherland, daughter of the late Sir George Sutherland, who was a prominent figure in the commercial world of Calcutta, the wedding having been at St. John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, and the other that of Mr. Lachlan Gordon Duff, who is in an equally renowned Highland regiment, to Miss Hersey Baird, daughter of Lady Hersey Baird, who is a sister of the Marquess of Conyngham, and of the late Mr. William Arthur Baird. This wedding was at Holy Trinity, Haddington, and a notable guest was Sir Ian Hamilton, who naturally, was especially interested for regimental reasons. The North Berwick pictures speak for themselves pretty well. Miss Mary Gibbs and Miss Marcia Wyld are nieces of Lady Aldenham, and Miss Jane Malcolm is the elder of Sir Michael and the Hon. Lady Malcolm's two daughters. Miss Grosvenor is the daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and Lady Dorothy Charteris

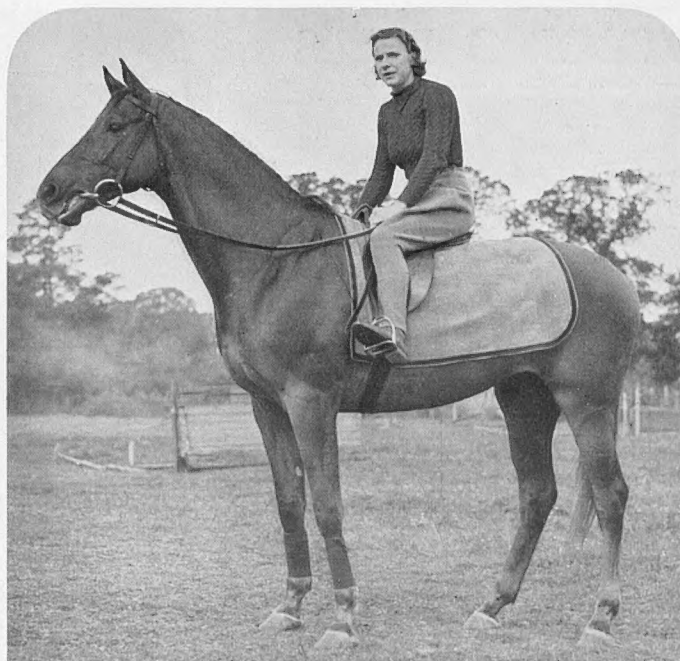
Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

WRITING last week on the reduction of costs to owners, particularly in entry fees, the obvious criticism is, "Where is the money to come from?" Many of the race courses are only just paying their way now, or rather were before the war. The answer is as it always has been, a measure of centralization. In no other field of entertainment or industry is there a monopoly given, regardless of the standard of entertainment or article produced. In racing, a licence having once been granted to a race course, the executive, with the exception of a few minor details, are free to do what they like. Their dates are given them without any competition within reach of the public and owners can take what they are given or lump it. The clerk of the course has the uphill task of providing sport and dividends. The fact that though about seventy-five per cent of stakes on some courses are provided by owners, yet the courses do not pay or cannot afford to provide proper amenities shows that the courses are redundant and unwanted, or that they are too bad to be patronized.

Now, during the cessation of racing, is the time when the Jockey Club can put racing on a sane and sound footing without causing the same hardships that would occur in normal times. Let them, after careful consideration, cut down the number of race courses. In many places there are four serving a public which two would easily satisfy. By telling the companies *now*, their land instead of being left lying idle for the duration could be sold for building land, agriculture, snipe bogs, or whatever suited best. To help make up the difference, the shareholders could be given a proportion of shares in the course to which their dates had been given. Any clerk of a course will tell you the expenses and overheads of keeping up a course, and the reduction in overheads would be enormous. Courses with care and judgment would stand the extra days racing. How many days does Northolt Park stage in a year? I think between fifty and sixty. The obvious question crops up: "What about the enormous and expensive totalizator buildings which have been erected everywhere?" The answer would seem to be that the loss should be cut and reliance placed on the reduced overheads more than to make up for it. The capitalization and economic efficiency of this organization from their 1938 figures would seem to show something could be done in this way. I think the taking of £700,000 cost £220,000 to get in running expenses, and that owners benefited by £55,000, race courses by about £500,000, and the public by but £10,000 towards a fund for the reduction of admission fees. After seven or eight years' working the overdraft stands at about one and a half millions!

One would certainly be very sorry to see some cheery little courses go by the board and sorrier still to have the complete centralization as practised in America, but needs must, etc., and it is logically sound.



MISS IDA CROXON ON "CANONISATION,"
A STARTER IN THE NEWMARKET TOWN PLATE

This historic race, which is the only one in which women are allowed to ride, will be run tomorrow, October 12, and let's hope this lady wins it, for she and her sisters, Brenda and Stella are all A.R.P. ambulance drivers and doing a real good job of work



THE SPIRIT OF BRITAIN

Truman Howell

Three volunteers who offered their services many months before the war. Left to right: Rifleman W. J. St. Clare, Miss Leila Price and Rifleman W. E. Sutton. St. Clare served in the R.N.V.R. during the 1914-18 War, and during that period was torpedoed four times. Eighteen-year-old Miss Leila Price gave up a job worth four times her present salary to do her bit. Rifleman Sutton was a member of The Earl of Dunraven's Troop of the Glamorganshire Yeomanry, which he took (as Lord Adare) to the South African War, during which time Sutton was mounted orderly to the late Field Marshal Lord Methuen, and whilst on such duty received wounds from which he was invalided out of the Service—during the 1914-18 War he was rejected on medical grounds on five occasions. All three of these patriotic subjects of the King, are at the headquarters of a National Defence Company somewhere in this land

American racing is on an entirely different basis and system to ours, but as an instance of what can be done by centralized racing and a Tote, let me quote Santa Anita Racecourse at Los Angeles. In about fifty days' racing on end, £167,000 in *added* money is given. There are *no entry fees* except for the big handicaps and the weight-for-age races.

It costs a dollar to go in or five dollars in the club stand. There are 155 acres of car park, capable of holding 60,000 cars in comfort. There is a duplicate photographic apparatus for finishes, costing about £12,000. The bars, lunch rooms and amenities are beyond cavil.

My friend with whom I stayed owned a 5,000 dollar bond, which gave him free admission for his whole family to the club and his dividend was generally about 4,000 dollars. The whole of the gigantic stands and layout were paid for in one year.

While we do not hope or wish for anything approaching this, a reasonable proportion of it should be obtainable by taking steps *now*.

York has (I have no books with me) only eight days' racing a year, but the stakes and added money are a model. Ascot has but four days and what could one want or have better? Should I be right in saying that neither of these courses is run for profit, which accounts for the milk in the coconut?

AT NAAS RACES

LAST WEEK



SENATOR PARKINSON, EIRE'S PRINCIPAL
TRAINER, WITH HARRY BEASLEY



"WORKMAN'S" TRAINER, J. RUTTLE,
AND JOHN DOYLE



IN THE "MEMBERS": MRS. OWEN
MURPHY WITH LORD GLENAVY



LT.-COL. S. S. HILL-DILLON AND THE
HON. PATIENCE AND THE HON. PATRICIA
FRENCH



MR. P. F. CANNON, THE FAMOUS STARTER,
AND MRS. G. ROBINSON



MR. NESBIT WADDINGTON WITH MISS HELEN
O'LOUGHLIN

Poole, Dublin

Irish racing celebrities were even more plentiful at this pleasant meeting in Kildare than were the blackberries in that quite abnormal September with its Indian summer. For instance, they call Senator Parkinson "The King of Irish Racing," for he has headed the winning trainers' list many a time, and the jockey with him is one of the famous steeplechasing family and son of that beautiful horseman, Harry Beasley, who won the Grand National on "Come Away." In the picture alongside is the artist who trained Sir Alexander Maguire's "Workman," the very good steed that won this year's National. Mr. P. F. Cannon is Ireland's "Arthur Coventry," for he has been starter to the Irish Turf Club for very many years; and Mr. Nesbit Waddington has just succeeded to the managership of the Aga Khan's stud in Ireland, on the much-regretted death of Colonel T. G. Peacock. Lord Glenavy is more addicted to yachting than horse-racing, but, like all Irishmen, has a warm corner in his heart for it nevertheless. Colonel Hill-Dillon, who is a steward of the Irish Turf Club and an owner, is with two of the four sisters of the young Lord De Freyne, who was only born in 1927

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Limited Appeal.

SOME books are extremely difficult to criticise. Especially when obviously their public is a strictly limited one. The writer may be very intelligent, highly capable, a living example, so to speak, for all inexperienced young people to copy—all this and yet dull. Not dull, of course, for those who inhabit the same kind of "shop," but only unemotionally interesting for those who don't. Such a book, I must confess, the autobiography of Alice M. Head, "It Could Never Have Happened" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), seems to me to be. For a journalist, for a professional habitué of Fleet Street, for those interested in the editorial history of such magazines as *Nash's*, *Good Housekeeping*, and the once-popular *Academy*—very well and very good. But if you are not curious about this side of publishing life, there is not much to divert your attention. Most of the people mentioned will, I fear, be as good as "Anon." to the general reader. And, perhaps, even those who know the "Who's Who" of the autobiographer's life will yearn on occasion for fewer bouquets. Miss Head metaphorically speaking, returns from the flower garden of her memory with garlands in her capable hands; garlands upon garlands. Until, on occasion, it is rather like reading those sugary society paragraphs in which every titled woman mentioned is either invariably well-dressed and charming, or devoted to good work, witty, highly intelligent, and the most popular member of a host of friends; usually all of them combined. (And her drawing-room is an enchanting study in off-pink.)

Now all this is very nice, but, like the detailed description of somebody else's virtue, gently soporific. For example: "Marrying seems to be in the air, because I have just received a cable from my friend and colleague, Dick Berlin, the gay bachelor of the earlier part of this book, to say that he, too, has at last succumbed and is marrying Honey Johnson." Again: "Barbara Wilson, daughter of Lord Ribblesdale and a Tennant on her mother's side, has all the wit and understanding and razor-keen intelligence that distinguishes that remarkable family. . . . She is a marvellously entertaining companion—a vivid conversationalist and an accomplished writer and speaker." Lastly: "I was entirely overwhelmed by Mrs. Hearst's beauty, her exquisite clothes and wonderful jewels. She has always shown me very much kindness."

In fact, the picture in one's mind at last is indeed rather as if Miss Head had raped every flower from an enormous flower garden, collected all her friends and associates together, including the crew of the old *Mauretania*, thrown the flowers up in the air with an ecstatic gesture, and buried the lot in blooms! William Randolph Hearst, the American millionaire newspaper proprietor, figures largely in the book. Naturally, since Miss Head is his English representative, great personal friend, and at least a co-guardian of the Hearst interests in this country. She, in a more private capacity, was instrumental in buying for her chief the lovely old St. Donat's Castle, into which, one has the impression, almost immediately after numerous bathrooms, w.c.s, and the ancient interior plan had been knocked well-nigh out of recognition, cartloads of priceless antiques were shovelled into it until it became a sight for connoisseurs to stare at. At other times she is a member of what I can only describe as a Hearst Continental excursion. That is, a procession

of super-luxurious motor-cars, including chefs, teachers of languages; the advance-guard filled with brilliant, beautiful, famous guests, roughly about forty of them, cavalcading through various European countries and, not surprisingly, creating stupefaction in remote French villages! Lovely trips but not what I should enjoy, speaking personally. In fact, for my own pleasure, there is a little too much Hearst and Hollywood.

And when I write this, I mean it is especially nice to come back to Miss Head herself and her own highly successful career. How she struck out for herself from journalistically inauspicious



Tunbridge

MR. RONALD CROSS

The recently appointed Minister of Economic Warfare has been Unionist member for Rosendale, Lancs., since 1931 and Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade since 1938. Mr. Cross is an Old Etonian and served with the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry and in the R.F.C. in the last great war

surroundings and, by dint of hard work—a definite purpose applied to a particular object—achieved her ambition. And occasionally when, so to speak, Miss Head returns home to her flat alone and bolts the door, and we read such things as: "In some people I have been deeply disappointed. Friendship needs fostering, and cannot long survive spells of indifference and casual behaviour. I simply cannot understand those people who do not answer letters, who are unreliable about fulfilling engagements, who show no signs of life for months at a time, and who yet expect you to be just as pleased to see them as ever you were should they deign to put in an appearance at your house. Friendship makes demands, and almost certainly means some amount of self-sacrifice, and those who don't realise this are liable to be very lonely in their old age."

Unlimited Interest.

Well, if Miss Head's autobiography, interesting though it will be to some people, is "caviare to the general," Mr. Noel Coward's first essay (isn't it?) in creative fiction, "To Step Aside" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), will interest vastly everybody whose first demand of fiction is not a "rattling good plot." Since this hell-of-a-time started I have never laughed so much, or dreamed I ever could laugh so much again. Though, perhaps, it wasn't actual laughter—laughter belongs to the comic book; rather, that inward chuckling smile which is the best compliment the intelligence can bestow on humour in its shrewdest, slyest, most devastating form.

Apart from this, I can only say that these seven character-sketches—are each so vivid, so clear-cut, so brilliantly

(Continued on page 42)



MARLENE DIETRICH AND BASIL RATHBONE

The temperature was 100 degrees in the shade in Hollywood when this picture was taken. Then came a downpour, so these two famous persons went out to paddle in the flooded gutters: and good judges, too!

WOMEN AT WORK IN THIS WARLIKE WORLD



WAITING FOR IT! MISS BETTY HARBORD AND MR. LEWIS MAITE



MAP-READING: MISS RUTH HOARE, MISS BETTY HARBORD AND MISS ALISON GATEY



ARRIVING FOR DUTY: MISS SUSAN HEMINGWAY AND MRS. OLIVER ELLIOTT



AT AMBULANCE STATION No. 51: MISS MARY MORRIS AND MRS. BEATSON-BELL



LADY MAINWARING RESTING IN HER SAND-BAGGED OFFICE—ON NIGHT DUTY



AND LADY MAINWARING IN DECONTAMINATION RIG

This is no "playing at soldiers," but if of any kind of soldiering the real hard sort. There is nothing much more tiring than hanging around waiting for things to happen. When the moment for action comes things alter, and, in a manner of speaking, the air clears in spite of anything that may, be flying about in it. At this Ambulance Station No. 51, at which Lady Mainwaring is O.C. one of the shifts, the drill, discipline and efficiency are of the quite super quality. Everyone pulls a lot more than her weight in the heavy tasks which are the portion of all. Lady Mainwaring, widow of the late Sir Harry Mainwaring, was a member of the Civil Air Guard and flew every day for over a year. She was desperately disappointed when this useful unit was disbanded on the outbreak of war to be merged into something else. Lady Mainwaring, seen both in her decontamination "suitings" and having a bit of very well-earned rest, is the former Miss Generis Williams-Bulkeley. To particularise when everybody is doing so well may sound invidious, but Miss Betty Harbord, a kinswoman of Lord Suffield, happens to be the girls' bobsleigh champ. at St. Moritz, and also in happier times Miss Ruth Hoare is a racing "regulress." One of the many duties of this unit is to be able to find its way at high-speed during the black-out to any hospital anywhere

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

outlined, that one regrets, when they come to an end, that they are not so many beginnings of long novels—as, indeed, each one really is. Only the first one, entitled “The Wooden Madonna,” does not seem to demand a sequel, being merely the sketch of a personal encounter with a stranger, which eventually proved that though the tenderest heart may beat beneath a coronet, the greater likelihood is that it beats beneath the hat of the Complete Bore.

“Aunt Tittie” undoubtedly demands a “continuation in our next.” Christina was the only ultra-respectable member of a family of sisters, all of whom with the exception of herself, travelled the continent of Europe as actresses and at times made quite a lot of money—off the stage. “Aunt Tittie” was the nicest and jolliest of them all. But what became of her son, who tells her story? We may never know. And that is the worst of literary sketches. A story is a story and the end is final. But when we are introduced to characters, follow them a certain way, and then they leave us, it is as if we had made one of those real and sudden friendships which occasionally occur in life and the *au revoir* had suddenly become farewell—because we had forgotten to exchange addresses.

“What Mad Pursuit” is a devastating description of what I can only describe as the more revolting side of America’s most expansive hospitality. A famous English author, about to embark on a lecture-tour through the States, is inveigled by a quiet, intelligent American woman to spend a really quiet, restful week-end at her really quiet, restful week-end bungalow outside New York. Well, the really quiet, restful week-end turns at once into a multitude of screaming, chattering people, endless drinks and endless eats, endless dashing to and fro, and endless din. The clever way in which Mr. Coward keeps this horde of people always on the move, yet always distinct as individuals; the manner in which he conveys the noise and the rush and the complete mental idiocy of the whole household seems to me quite masterly.

“Cheap Excursion” is the study of a woman approaching middle-age, still beautiful and a very famous actress, who falls in love with a man younger than herself and in a much less important position on the stage, and against all reason, all logic, all sense of social and professional safety, abjects herself before him as a schoolgirl thrown off her emotional balance by first love.

“The Kindness of Mrs. Radcliffe” is the longest character-study of all—and the most memorable. One knows so many Mrs. Radcliffes! Middle-aged women who, a mass of selfishness, imagine themselves to be charitable; women whose kindness is always domineering; narrow-minded, vindictive in mean ways, snobbish. Women who use their power under

the impression they are being just. Women who are still convinced of their kindness, though they leave behind them only tears and resentment. The last story is the story of a charming woman married to a pervert who, when at last she left her rich husband and eloped with their chauffeur, was condemned by all those people who haven’t the understanding or imagination of a pea, because she disgraced her husband.

These, in brief, are the various plots of Mr. Coward’s stories. They are told inimitably. We are interested and entertained all the time. And yet, although the approach to each is witty, there is not much real wit in any of them—only Mr. Coward’s manner. Nevertheless, how amusing it all is! Let me just quote two examples chosen at random: “It is an odd frailty in the human character that, however benevolent and kindly you may be by nature, the influx of strangers into an empty compartment that you have already made your own by getting there first, is very annoying.” Again: “Isn’t

that the most glorious voice you’ve ever heard?’ cried Ossie. ‘Frankly, I’d rather listen to Irene than Jeritza, Ponselle and Flagstad all together in a lump.’ Evan, repressing a shudder at the thought of Jeritza, Ponselle and Flagstad all together in a lump agreed wholeheartedly and asked Bonwit for a drink.”

Well, maybe it is because Mr. Coward defines his characters so completely and always makes them talk in character that the result is as amusing as wit. After all, there is nothing funnier than human beings if you watch and

listen in a detached mood—funnier or, if you possess imaginative discernment, more sad. It is this imaginative discernment which makes the joy of reading “To Step Aside” totally indifferent to any absence of definite plots. To read it is really to step aside in these tragic days—to laugh.

A Thriller.

Well, there is plenty of definite plot in “Double Blackmail” (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. That is what thrillers are for apparently. A young man blackmails his father and his father’s second “wife” because all unknowing she had committed bigamy, thus making their son illegitimate. Unfortunately for him, however, they are not good victims. One is a strong-minded old lady and the other is a bishop who, though he immediately goes all to pieces, at once calls in a detective. A good thing for the blackmailer, however, is that neither of his victims tells the other. Which, of course, makes the work of the detective harder. But right will always triumph—in books—and how the right triumphed in this story makes it an excellent thriller; even though wrong had to be poisoned mysteriously at the end instead of being brought to legal justice.

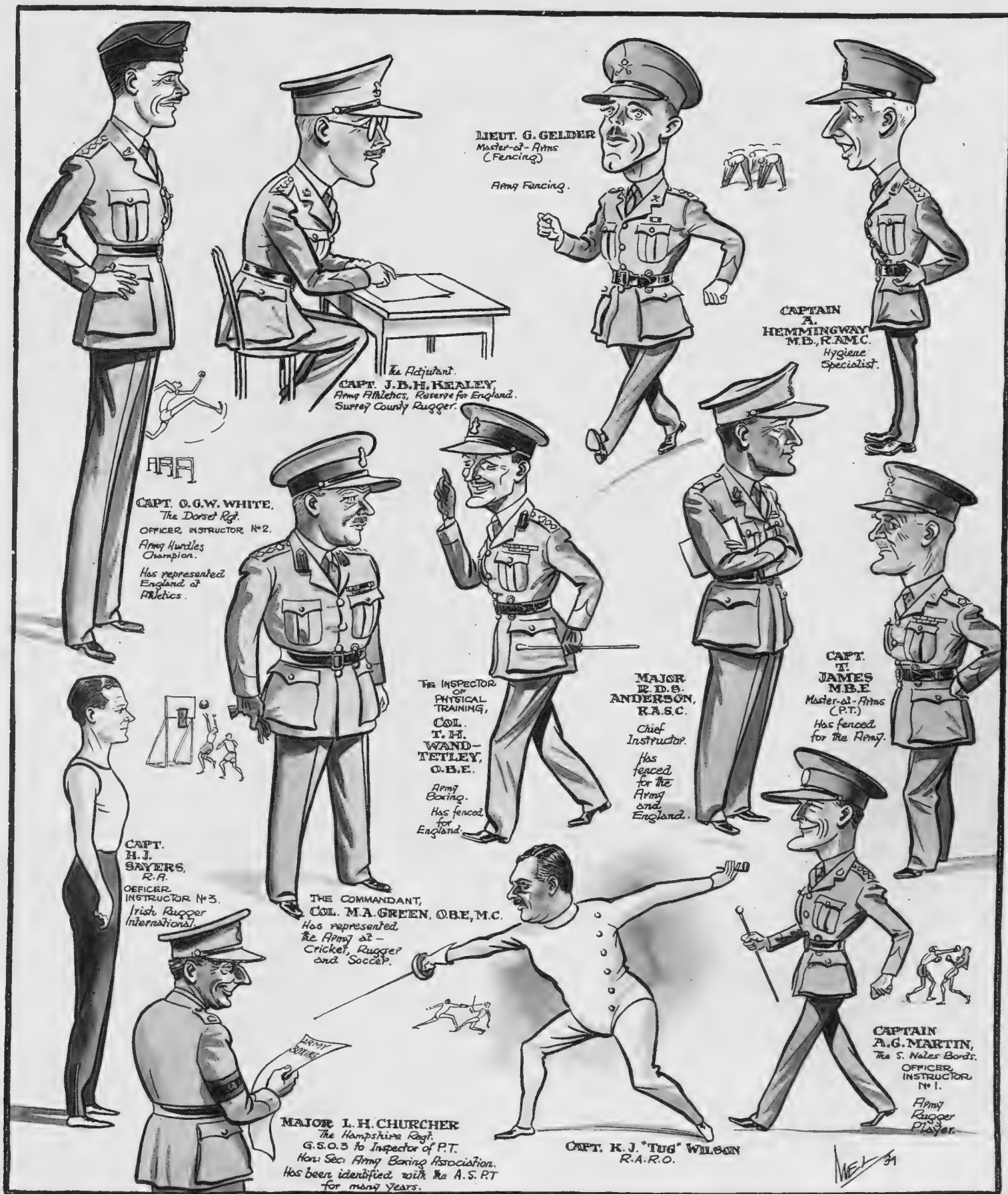


“Pardon me; is this Laburnum Villas, Ealing?”

“I hope not—I’m trying to find Paradise Mansions, Cricklewood!”

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.

ARMY UNITS: No. 2



THE ARMY SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL TRAINING—By "MEL"

A few impressions collected at random at the spot where they put 'em through it and get them so fit that it is said they can whistle "Hang Up the Washing on the Siegfried Line" after boxing ten rounds or sprinting 100 yards. They have got some of the right kind of specialists to do the job. Colonel Wand-Tetley knows all about how a man should use his hands and an *épée*, and, as will be observed, there are many other specialists with the sword also on the premises, as well as Rugby, athletic and other prominent practitioners to help things forward



GOING OVER THE TOP—NEW STYLE

"Chuck" Lyons and Jack Blackburn, two of the leading specialists at water-ski-ing, which was first introduced to the Pacific coast at Arrow Head by a "Vacationer" from the French Riviera, where it originated. Arrow Head is a "mile-high mountain resort," according to the information

IF you, being a good jockey, were riding a horse which was what is called a dead stayer, and your only serious rival in a long dart was one that was not a true stayer, but might gallop on for ever if allowed to go his own pace, what would you do? The answer is that what you ought to do is to cart him along and make him carry every ounce of his weight for every yard of the way. These tactics are bound to break him up. If, on the other hand, you permit him to turn the Cesarewitch into the Hunt Cup, and allow the race to degenerate into a dodder, any turn of foot your rival may possess may enable him to come and win it at his selected moment.



Holloway

CAPTAIN AND MRS. PETER WIGGIN
AND (CENTRE) LT. H. V. PHELPS

Watching a Rugger match from a side from the Yeomanry unit of which Captain Wiggin is adjutant and some of the local specialists. Captain Wiggin is in a Hussar regiment, as his father, General E. A. Wiggin, was before him

Pictures in the Fire

Pursuing this argument a bit further, and switching over from the flat to the obstacles, there is one very good rule which it is never safe to neglect; and it is this: if you see or hear the most dangerous opponent make even a slight blunder at any fence, at any period of the contest, and your own has landed galloping, loose him a bit, crack on and steal a length or two. If he comes upsides again, as well he may, take a liberty and go a bit faster at the next one than customary prudence

might dictate; *main object to be about a length ahead of him as you go into it.* It will most probably make him take off too soon; it may even bring him down; it will almost certainly make him misdate it, and flounder worse than he did at the one before. The main idea is to ram home his mistakes by making him repeat them. You must not cross him, because this is strictly against the rules, but quite often you can edge him out a bit and make him go farther than he would if he had complete command of the situation, which he would not have in the circumstances just detailed. Press him if you find him going badly at that; give him no rest at all, and if he comes again and has a dash as you lie iron to iron going to the last one, take him on, ride at it blind and hope to fluster him. The Other Horse has not had as easy a passage over the first few fences as he hoped he would have in this race. The main scheme now is not to let him catch his wind. He is beginning to feel the pace set by a star performer named Jack Tar by Nelson out of Rule Britannia, and, though he won't admit it, he is as near choked as dammit. So again I say: cart him along, give him no time to take that pull he so badly needs. *And need it he does.*

And just here it seems as if it might be helpful and heartening to quote one or two verses from a jingle about a steeplechase horse, part of a poem written by someone of whom I am not extraordinarily enamoured, but who at any rate tries to have the right ideas. It is the Jockey who is speaking:

"Jumpin' and bumpin' and bellows to mend.
Flyin' 'em blind till we get to the end;
Crashin' and cloutin', oo 'd be a jockey
Ridin' 'em good, dishonest or rocky?"

"But this 'un's the cream, a real little star,
No fence is too big, no distance too far!
'Ark 'ow the crowd 'is name is a-callin'!
Rest of 'em cooked, refusin' or fallin';

"A thud on the turf, the crack of a rail,
Sob of the beaten, the smack of a flail:



Pooler, Dublin

IN EIRE: THE HON. PATSY DIXON
AND MISS PATRICIA MULHOLLAND

Miss Mulholland, whose engagement has just been announced to Mr. Timothy Palmer, R.A., is the only daughter of the Hon. Henry Mulholland, Speaker of the Northern Ireland House of Commons, and Mrs. Mulholland. Miss Patsy Dixon is a daughter of Lord and Lady Glentoran



MRS. J. R. BRYAN AT THE RED CROSS
HEADQUARTERS

Mrs. Bryan is in charge of the Enquiry Department and on the Headquarters staff of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, which two fine organisations now hunt in couples and do it so well

By "SABRETACHE"



SOME OF THE CAMBERLEY HEATH
LAWN TENNIS CLUB

Caught when doing a spot of gas-mask drill. Miss MacLagan (on ground with Fritz—a casualty) has just announced her engagement to Lt. Formby Potter, R.A.

The full list of names is (l. to r., standing): Mrs. MacLagan, Col. A. Rowcroft, Miss D. Luck, Col. R. D. Beadle, Miss Barbara Glascock and Mrs. Glascock; (sitting) Miss Marjory Lang, Mrs. Cocks, Miss Rosemary MacLagan and Fritz

Two very notable "casualties" since this war began have deprived a great many of us of familiar and very much valued friends. One of them has been General Sir John Fowler, who was a brother of Captain Harry Fowler, that famous ex-Master of the Meath, and the other, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Barry Bingham, V.C., as brave a chap as ever wore the King's uniform, a brother of Lord Clanmorris and also of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Denis Bingham, who was in a very famous 15th Hussar polo team, in which also was one "Rattle" Barrett, skipper of that 1914 international side which beat America—a feat which has since eluded us. Sir John Fowler had probably as edgy a time in that wild North-West Frontier of India as has fallen to the lot of anyone. He and the then Lieutenant Edwards, after putting up a great fight at a place called Reshun at the time of the Chitral Campaign of 1895, were treacherously captured by the agents of one Umra Khan, Trouble Maker No. 1. The particular Thug's name in the incident was Issa Khan, a very ripe scoundrel.



A BIT OF SLOW WORK IN THE NEW "THREES"
FORMATION

Miss Hazel Sams, whose mother is a well-known breeder of these fascinating hacks for the young. The picture was taken at Wraysbury, Bucks., and not at "somewhere in England"

"But fresh as a daisy, bright as the sun,
He shoots to the front: the battle is won!"

"There's 'osses like men is good and is bad,
Game 'uns and shifters and some as is mad.
But give me the cove on four legs or two
Whose heart is pure gold,
whose colour's true blue!"

"Here's how to all them as fight to the end,
Through rough and the smooth as Fortune may send:
Drink it in bubbly or drink it in beer,
Down it, no heel-taps, and give 'em a cheer!"



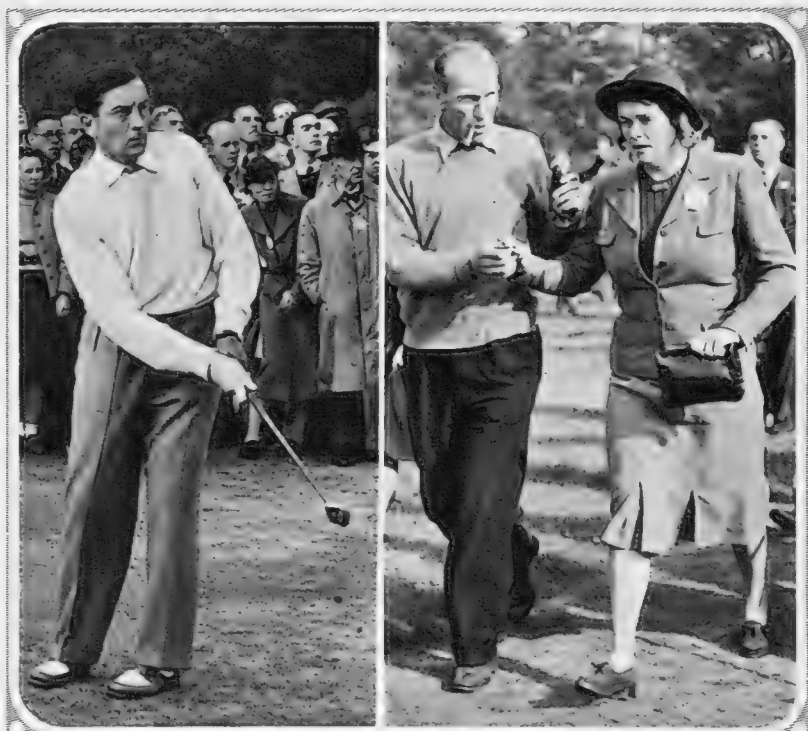
A BRIGADE OF GUARDS CHRISTENING

The principal character in the ceremony was Christopher Terence, the son of Lt. and Mrs. George Sinclair Stevenson

The key is (l. to r.): Miss Sylvia Rapozo, Lt. Stevenson, Miss Moira Hopwood, holding the baby, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. G. S. Ivanovic and (at back) Mr. C. Austin

proceeded to scupper the majority of the little force. Why Fowler and Edwards were not killed out of hand no one quite knew, but they were subjected to very bad treatment before they were eventually released when our advance on Chitral developed, and General Low's force let it be known quite plainly that business was meant. As a matter of fact, it was Colonel Kelly, who came through the snow from Gilgit, who first got to the Chitral Fort, but General Low was commanding the main force. As a sidelight, one Roddy Owen was amongst the war correspondents on that show, and the pony he had bought, which looked like a sort of animated hearth-rug, was naturally at once christened "Father O'Flynn." Roddy Owen had won the National of 1892 on that horse!

The way of it was this. When the enemy found that they could not capture the post by fair means, and had even failed to starve the gallant little garrison out, they proposed a truce, and to show how much in earnest they were, not only provided some badly needed supplies and water, but, by way of further demonstrating their benevolence and good faith, invited Fowler and Edwards to a polo match. In the middle of it they fell upon the two young officers and then



GOLF CONTEST IN AID OF THE RED CROSS

Henry Cotton (left) playing an approach shot to the third green at the Royal Mid-Surrey course, where he was beaten by one hole by Archie Compston, seen on right with Mrs. Gage. This was the first of a series of challenge matches in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund appeal, which deserves everyone's support

A LONDON LOG
OF THE WAR

LUNCH TIME: LADY GEORGE SCOTT
AND LT. TIM BISHOP, HER BROTHER



BEATRICE LILLIE AND EDYTH BAKER
AT AN A.R.P. CONCERT



MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS
AND MR. CHARLES HARDING



MR. BILLY CLYDE WITH SEÑORITA SYLVIA
RÉGIS DE OLIVEIRA



MISS SARAH NORTON AND A FRIEND
HAVE A CONSTITUTIONAL



LORD AND LADY MANTON
SOMEWHERE IN LONDON

London is not "as usual," and it would be foolish to pretend that it is; but nevertheless everyone is carrying on quite earnestly, whether it is lunch or anything else. Most of this page was captured at lunch time, for even when you are fighting Hitler you have got to eat. The A.R.P. concert party, which happened in Chelsea, is an exception. Beatrice Lillie and Edyth Baker are in the forefront of the picture, but Lea Seidl also aided and abetted, and it was organised by Mr. Patrick Kay, better known as Anton Dolin; his brother, Mr. Anthony Kay, General Sir Hubert Gough, and the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, Lord Stanley of Alderley's brother and heir-presumptive. Lady George Scott, the former Miss Molly Bishop, married the Duke of Buccleuch's younger brother, who is in a famous cavalry regiment. Miss Charteris, also snapped after feeding the inner woman, is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, who is an uncle of Lord Wemyss. She is a sister of Lady Long of Wraxall and Lady O'Neill. Mr. Billy Clyde, seen with the pretty daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador, was A.D.C. on the staff of Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of Nassau, two years ago; and Miss Sarah Norton, seen giving her pet hound an airing, is a daughter of Captain the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Norton. He was badly hurt in a car smash some months ago. Finally, Lord Manton, who was R. of O., has naturally joined up and gone on service

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THIS ENGLAND OF OURS —



THE VILLAGE, LITTLE COMBERTON, CLOSE TO BREDON HILL



IN THE HEART OF LOVELY SOMERSET: COTTAGES AT SELWORTHY GREEN

J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

WHAT shall we find when these fair scenes
are hid
Beneath the speechless splendour of the snows?
When the Autumnal blaze and ripened field
Have parted with their waving, golden yield?
When quiet lanes, thatched hamlets, view
the sight
Of darkened ways beneath the winter
night . . .
Where then will bloom the lovely English rose?

WHEN all the sanity, which is our pride,
Hears the far thunder of the insane brood.
When madmen's themes distort our tranquil
song.
And Right must battle with a fiendish wrong.
When stark annihilation rears its face,
And Calmness finds confusion in its
place . . .
Where then will all that England means
intrude?

JUST as the earth doth harbour richest fruit
Unrealised, beneath the leaden skies,
So shall our English hearts their secret
hold
In face of half a world gone madly bold,
And were ten thousand deaths our only
due,
From each spot where the winds of Heaven
blew
Our ashes . . . English visions would arise.
I. M. B.

A GALLERY OF THREE



LADY IRENE HAIG—YOUNGEST DAUGHTER
OF THE LATE AND GREAT FIELD-MARSHAL

Lenore

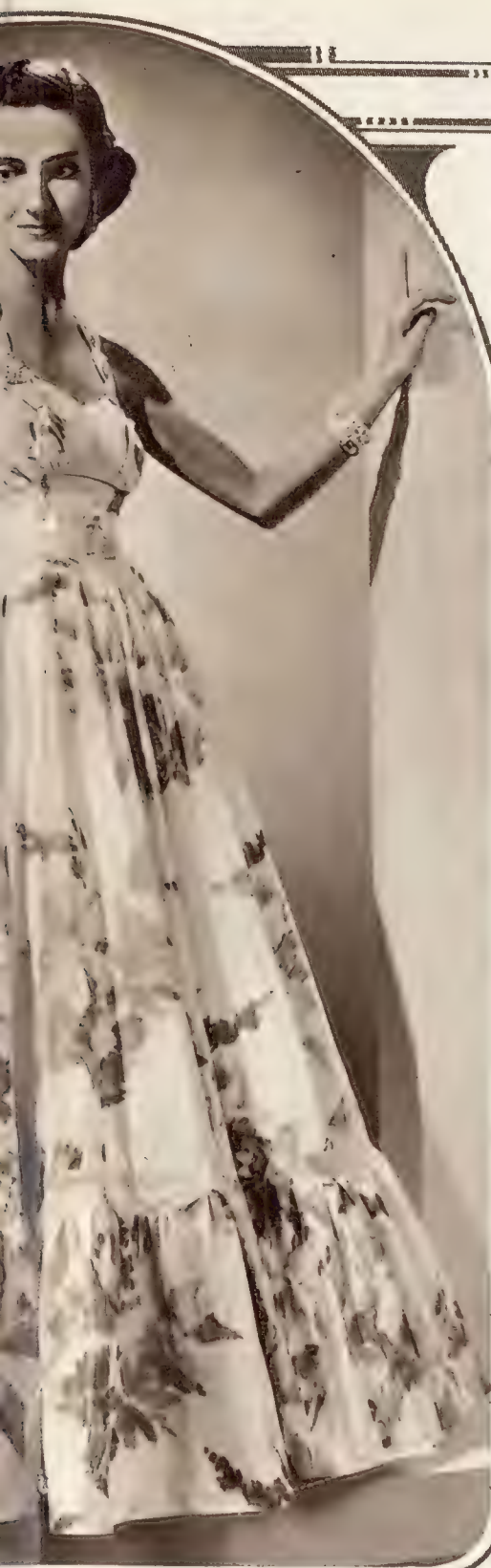
Memories are, as we know, very notably short, but, even if nothing else conducted, the publication of the portrait of the youngest daughter of the great Field-Marshal who commanded the British Armies in the field in the last Great War will bring back to our minds the fine deeds which were then performed and the like of which the successors of the men who fought then will certainly rival. The same spirit which infected the men whom Lord Haig led to victory is present in our rapidly expanding Army of to-day



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
A PORTRAIT

Her Grace, who spent some time abroad, is a daughter of the late de Malkhazouny married to the Duke in 1933, he having been the father of the late Duke.

VERY NOTABLE PORTRAITS



DUCHESS OF LEEDS:
RETURN FROM PARIS

spends much of her life
daughter of the late Iskender
of Serbia, and was
eleventh Duke of Leeds
succeeded his famous
ther in 1927

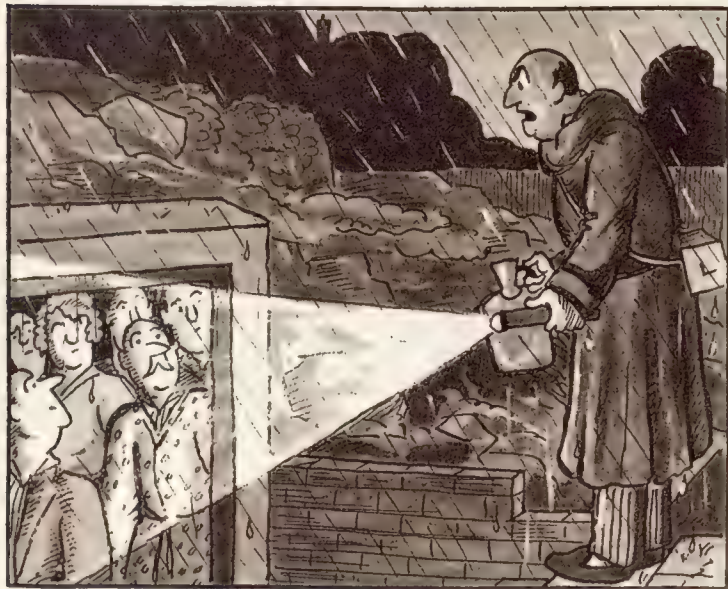
Studio Dorvye



LADY CHATFIELD—WIFE OF THE MAN
WHO LOOKS AFTER OUR DEFENCE

Elwin Neame

When Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield was appointed to the office of Minister for Co-Ordination of Defence, this country knew that it had someone who was a round peg in a round hole, a fighting sailor and man of erudition in his profession, who was eminently fitted to shoulder his big task. Lady Chatfield, whom he married in 1909, was then Miss Lillian Matthews, and a daughter of the late Major George Matthews



PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

BY PAT AULD

HILLBROOK, CO. DUBLIN, AND ITS OWNERS



SIR BASIL AND LADY GOULDING, WHO WERE MARRIED
JUST BEFORE THE WAR



THE ATTRACTIVE HOUSE AT CASTLEKNOCK



THIS BECAUSE PETROL IS RATIONED
—“MO-BIKES” EAT LESS!



Pooler, Dublin

LADY GOULDING DOES A JOB OF WORK, LABOUR BEING
A BIT DIFFICULT

Sir Basil and Lady Goulding will be able to claim in the years to come that their wedding just short-headed the war. It happened very quietly right at the end of August, at Carrigart, Co. Donegal. Everyone, of course, knew by then that the reincarnation of Wotan meant mischief, but it was something just to miss being married in the smoke of battle. Lady Goulding is a daughter of a very well-known personality, Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., Attorney-General, Duchy of Cornwall, and of Lady Monckton, who live in London. When he was up at Oxford, Sir Basil Goulding was double-Blue, and is a polo and hunting enthusiast in the isle that is one of the best play-grounds and sports arenas in the world. Hillbrook, Castleknock, near Phoenix Park, adjoins Lord Holmpatrick's estate



Lady Biggleswade's evacuees object to game on alternate days as being monotonous

Drawn by H. M. Bateman

HOLLYWOOD IN THESE TROUBLOUS TIMES



CHARLES LAUGHTON AND LILLIAN GISH SUP TOGETHER
AT THE TROCADERO



PRETTY YOUNG BETTY FIELDS, WHO IS
IN "SEVENTEEN"



ANNA MAY WONG, WHO IS STARRING IN
"ISLAND OF LOST MEN"

All these pictures from the other side were taken just before the Big Bang, and so must be accepted in that spirit. What Hollywood is going to do in the days to come, no one can say. Charles Laughton, for instance, seen supping with that most charming lady of the silent days, was, when last signalled, billed for *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, for which, incidentally, he had to undergo the pangs jockeys suffer, wasting. Betty Fields, no relation of Gracie, is a promising newcomer who is playing opposite Jackie Cooper in a film called *Seventeen*. Anna May Wong has many exciting moments as Kim Ling, heroine in *Island of Lost Men*, and plays the daughter of an Oriental General who vanishes with 300,000 dollars. Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., about the best juvenile lead on the flickers, married Mary Lee Hartford, charming "socialite," as they class them in the U.S.A.



"DOUG." JUNIOR AND CHARMING WIFE HAVING A BITE
AND SUP TOGETHER

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

ONE fine Saturday morning my friend, Joel Rosenbaum, was in synagogue. Suddenly, he began twisting and fidgeting, the perspiration running down his face. His friend, Beddington, whispered to him: "What is the matter with you, Joel? Why can't you keep still?"

"Ach!" groaned Joel. "I came away and left the key in the safe."

"Well, what does that matter?" asked Beddington. "We are all here."

Two men were in the theatre, one of them with opera-glasses.

Said the first man: "That's her seventh curtain. I didn't think her turn was as good as all that."

Said the second man: "It isn't. The last six curtains were not for her art: her shoulder-strap's broken!"

The high-spirited girl stood before the judge. She was charged with dangerous driving.

"Young woman," said the judge severely, "I don't mind a person getting a ticket once in a long while for a traffic violation. But you—why, this is your tenth ticket—since the beginning of the year!" He banged his gavel. "Ten tickets in eight months is too much! Something must be done about this!"

The girl nodded emphatically.

"I absolutely agree, your honour," she asserted. "How about a season?"



MARTA EGGERTH TO JOIN THE
FRENCH RED CROSS

Just before leaving Lisbon for the U.S.A., the famous young actress and operatic diva said that she would return almost at once to join the French Red Cross. Jan Kiepura, her equally famous husband, is joining the Polish Legion now being formed in France



JUDY McCREA: SHOWGIRL BY NIGHT AND
(ON LEFT) AIR-RAID WARDEN BY DAY

A snapshot during a pause in proceedings at the Windmill Theatre. Like everyone else who can, Judy McCrea is womanfully doing her bit. Her A.R.P. district is Paddington

The tram left the rails, to come to rest with its front platform over the pavement. Pedestrians scattered to avoid a falling lamp-post, while the driver remained, calm and collected, at the controls.

A policeman hurried up, notebook in hand.

"It's all right," said the conductor, jerking his thumb towards the driver, "my mate's been taking an efficiency course, and they told him to get out of the groove."

A young Scotsman, who had secured a job with a builder, fell off the scaffold. The foreman hurried to the end of the roof, and was relieved to see the man scrambling to his feet unhurt from a heap of sand on which he had fallen.

"You can consider yourself lucky!" said the foreman.

"Lucky be blowed!" replied the Scot. "I've broken my braces!"

Colonel (anxiously): "What's the General doing now?"

Batman: "Inspecting the officers' mess, sir."

Colonel (after a pause): "What now?"

Batman: "Inspecting the mess whisky at the top of a glass, sir."

Colonel: "And now?"

Batman: "Inspecting the mess roof through the bottom of the glass, sir."

"Is it true, sir," said the medical student to the well-known doctor, "that fish stimulates the brain?"

"Possibly," replied the medico, "but one thing is certain. Going fishing stimulates the imagination."

A farmer and his wife were sitting by the fireside one night. In the morning his wife had been looking at pigs and sheep and cattle, to say nothing of machinery added to the stock since her arrival on the scene.

"None of them would have been here but for my brass," she said.

"No, they wouldn't!" her husband retorted, "and tha wouldn't have been here but for tha brass, either."

YOUR TWO VITAL NEEDS NOW—

Nerve Reserves and Restorative Sleep!



A 3-year series of scientific tests on sleep demonstrated that 'Ovaltine,' taken regularly at bedtime, cut down tossing and turning and gave a feeling of being "better rested" in the morning. Many other tests have proved the exceptional nerve-restoring properties of 'Ovaltine.' It is entirely free from drugs.

THERE are two outstanding advantages of 'Ovaltine' which are of vital importance to you now:—

1. 'Ovaltine' possesses special properties which make it the best bedtime beverage for ensuring natural, restorative sleep.
2. 'Ovaltine' contains an unequalled wealth of nerve-building nutriment.

Under the present conditions of abnormal nerve-strain 'Ovaltine' should be your constant stand-by. It is supremely rich in lecithin—a vital nerve-building element derived from the new-laid eggs used in its manufacture. No nerve food is complete without lecithin.

'Ovaltine' is a complete food which, by itself, will sustain strength and stamina over prolonged periods. *It can be eaten dry if desired.*

But be sure it is 'Ovaltine.' Although imitations are made to look like 'Ovaltine' there are very important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar. Furthermore it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain a large percentage of Cocoa.

If sugar is required for sweetening, you can always add it to 'Ovaltine' yourself. This is obviously the most satisfactory and economical way. The supreme economy of 'Ovaltine' is evident in the fact that the 1½d. tin will make as many as 24 cupfuls of concentrated nourishment.

Drink
delicious **Ovaltine**

— and note the **Difference**
in your nerve-strength & outlook

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Trappist Training.

IN love and war—but perhaps more especially in love—the conditions wherein an irresistible force meets a yielding body are fraught with what the strategists are fond of calling “interesting possibilities.” It is the more puzzling, therefore, that such meetings are so rare among the young who are preparing to do their duty in the present war, and that they seem to be officially discouraged. Recently I had the privilege, at the behest and by the permission of the Air Ministry, the Ministry of Information, the Newspaper Proprietors’ Association—and, for aught I know, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Upper Puddlington Cycling Club—I had the privilege, I say, of visiting two training places for the Royal Air Force where the initial ground training is done and where the intermediate and advanced air training is done. Nothing on earth would induce me to name their positions, for I was instructed by the authorities enumerated not to do so.

At each place were gathered together large quantities of magnificent masculine material; young men in what Mr. Robertson Hare delights in calling “rude health,” bursting with energy, radiating life, supercharged with zest and zeal. The sight of them made me feel at least fifteen years older. But—and here is my point of criticism—there were no appropriate female companions within remotest range, no complementary creatures equally endowed with animal spirits and biological beans. Surely and seriously this is a primary error. The idea that those who are about to take enormous and often exceedingly unpleasant risks for their country should be segregated and made to live like militarised monks is out of date and unscientific. Crude instinct in the war of 1914 dictated otherwise and demanded for the embryo pilot a certain frequency of flings. We realise now that those flings were psychologically prophylactic. They soothed the mind and fortified the unconscious against the lacerations of war. If we are to prepare the pilots of 1939 well and to make them ready to play their part in the stern conditions of modern war, they must be prepared in mind as well as in muscle. The ascetic method will fail to achieve that dual preparation.

Results.

A part from this criticism about something whose effects in any case will not be apparent until much later on, I have nothing but praise for the work that is being done. The cadets and sergeant pilots whom I saw under instruction at the initial training station showed remarkable efficiency, and the new scheme of training can handle many times the number of men the peace-time scheme could handle. Living conditions are good and the food is good (especially at that happy station where there is a French chef). The same is true of the place where the intermediate and advanced flying training is done. It will be seen that the Royal Air Force pilot goes through four stages of training: the first dealing with ground-work and designed to inculcate discipline and knowledge of drill and theory; the second dealing with the flying of light aeroplanes; the third with the flying of Service aircraft and with night flying and navigation; and the fourth with the use of Service aircraft for war purposes; that is, for such duties as gunnery and bombing.

A tremendous acceleration in all the stages has been achieved since war broke out, and no praise can be too high for the instructors at the various schools. They

have literally worked night and day to accelerate the flow of trained pilots and aircraft crews. At one time I thought that the industry in this country would outdistance the aircraft crew training arrangements and that the real pinch would come when we had a surplus of aircraft because of a shortage of trained men. Since looking over these schools, I have altered my views. Figures were given me—which I may not quote—which show that the flow of trained aircraft crews—properly

trained crews, that is—is already big, but that it can be still further increased at will. Altogether I think this branch of Royal Air Force work is the thing to prescribe for the pessimists. Those who have seen it must inevitably feel much better afterwards.

U.S.A. Material.

At the time of writing it is still impossible to foresee the outcome of the Neutrality Act controversy in the United States of America. This much is certain, however, that United States aircraft material is extremely good and that it would be a great advantage to the Allies if they were able to obtain it. I have heard very high opinions expressed both of the North American Harvard trainer and of the Lockheed Hudson. Under strenuous conditions of service in the training squadrons these machines have stood up magnificently, and pilots and engineers now cannot praise their behaviour and workmanship too highly.

Another point to be remembered about America is that although her military aircraft are not very advanced at the present time so far as the standard types are concerned, her experimental types are as advanced as any in the world. I do not think that she will be long in overcoming initial troubles with these machines and then she should possess aircraft in all the military classes capable of holding their own with any others.



Balmain

ON NORTH BERWICK BEACH

Among the wartime population of North Berwick are several people whose husbands are serving in the R.A.F. “somewhere in Scotland.” Above are Mrs. Grandy, wife of Squadron-Leader J. Grandy, and Mrs. Gibbings, who was married to Flight-Lieut. Peter Gibbings on the day after the declaration of war. Mrs. Grandy is the daughter of Sir Robert Rankin, M.P.



“CRITCH,” LEN HARVEY, AND EDDIE PHILLIPS

“Three fighting men” would have been the right label for this little group taken at an R.A.F. Initial Training centre somewhere in somewhere, and they were watching the unit busy at some sports. Brig-General A. C. Critchley, now an Air Commodore, started his Service existence in Strathcona’s Horse in 1908 and served all through the last big scrap



The knowing squirrel points a moral for the motorist. Store up security for yourself, at this season of wet roads and windstrewn leaves, by fitting the safest tyre in all the world.

DUNLOP Fort

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD



OFFICERS OF THE NTH BATTALION, ROYAL TANK REGIMENT

This unit is one of the many former Territorial Infantry Battalions which have been swallowed up by the Tanks. They are now, of course, in intensive training in their new *métier*. In fact, what with mechanisation and motorisation, tanks and "portees" for taking the foot out of footslogging, our infantry nowadays march almost exclusively on their petrol tanks

Names: (l. to r., standing) 2nd Lt. R. T. Saul, 2nd Lt. L. F. Morris, 2nd Lt. J. R. Holliday, Lieut. L. C. Ashton, 2nd Lt. B. A. R. Deall, 2nd Lt. M. B. Sant, 2nd Lt. A. D. Stevens, 2nd Lt. R. V. N. Henning, 2nd Lt. M. C. Ebbutt; (l. to r., centre) Capt. Rev. H. S. Deighton, Capt. F. G. Foley, 2nd Lt. C. H. Rayment, 2nd Lt. R. J. Southron, 2nd Lt. R. D. Nichol, 2nd Lt. A. J. Flint, 2nd Lt. J. W. B. Tatham, 2nd Lt. K. J. Wallace, Capt. W. D. Lytle, R.A.M.C.; (l. to r., front) Capt. W. R. Hughes, Major A. R. Martin, Major C. E. Bootiman, Lt.-Col. R. S. Perkins, (C.O.), Capt. J. L. Winberg (Adjutant), Major R. Hyland (Q.M.), and Major K. C. Booker

Sent to Coventry.

FOR some days I've been living in Coventry, England's opposite number to Detroit, whence come most of the motor-cars made in America. It is an ancient though not a very elegant city, but despite this, to my mind it possesses a much better atmosphere than Detroit. The American motor metropolis has one very lovely side to it on the banks of a great lake, and it is in this district that the beautiful homes of the magnates are situated. In Warwickshire the big bangs live in Kenilworth, Leamington and beyond, well away from Peeping Tom's old haunts. Which reminds me that in the King's Head, the local Trust House, recently refurbished, is a life-size effigy of that unchivalrous gentleman.

Alternative Means of Transport.

Coventry in wartime misses the glamour and activity of hundreds of new cars on test. But the people, and with them this wandering scribe, make up for all that by a prodigious amount of walking. Personally, I've never walked so far in my life, except on holiday. But the process takes up so much time that I contemplate buying a pair of roller skates or one of those miniature motor-bicycles fitted with a 98-c.c. or 1-h.p. two-stroke engine. These pip-squeaks are made in Coventry, toddle along at 25 m.p.h. and do well over 100 miles to the gallon. A man or woman can ride them, and their performance is such that they surmount the 1 in 11 of Stoneleigh Hill, the local standard of climbing ability, without what we called back in 1906-10 "light pedal assistance." Of course, in those days "L.P.A." meant darned hard work.

Curiously, I have not seen the multitude of pedal-cycles that I should have expected. Apropos of which is a sign in a dealer's window proclaiming the fact that if you buy a cycle there he will take your car in exchange!

Petrol or Port?

THE present petrol ration is so short that I used a fortnight's supply, in getting to Coventry. Consequently, when I was asked out to dinner I had to refuse. Whereupon my host suggested that he would provide me with a few

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

pints of petrol instead of a bottle of port after dinner.

Another man who had to evacuate his family to the end of Cornwall is already saving up petrol in order to bring them home to the Midlands next Christmas. The to and fro journey measures nearly 600 miles, which are

equivalent to three months' rations. So if he's very, very economical, he may just manage it. The same chap told me of a good petrol-pooling scheme that has been started at one of the big Coventry factories. Everyone's petrol ration is put into the pool, and petrol is only drawn out of it for urgent or business purposes. As in a great undertaking like this many of the employees would only use their cars for short journeys or at week-ends, the pool benefits while they do not feel the loss. How the finances of the scheme are worked I do not know.

Snappy Bus-Driving.

WITH the narrow streets of Coventry cleared of most of the motor traffic, the Corporation buses built by the Daimler Company have a grand time. They seem to possess the snappiness of a good car, besides replying instantly to their brakes. I was greatly impressed by the silent running of the bodywork and the smoothness in action of the self-changing gears and fluid fly-wheel transmission system. Some of these buses are provided with a fan which draws hot air into the bodies in winter and cool air in summer. In the first case, the air comes in from the engine end, and in the second, by reversing the fan, from the conductor's end.

White Line Waste.

GANGS of painters at £3 a week are still laboriously stencilling white lines over miles and miles of street and highway. Why the thing can't be run off by a marking machine beats me. And this craze of white painting has spread so much that people are actually marking the pavements with the numbers and perhaps even the names of their houses! Which reminds me that the marking of the numbers of branch roads at the point they leave the main road is a good idea found on the High Wycombe-Uxbridge road.



Schweppes, sir,
of course

WARTIME à la CARTE By ALAN BOTT

IT used to be said, when the perils of 1914 and enthusiasms of 1915 had merged into the apparent stalemate of 1916 and 1917, that the first seven years would be the worst. This time it is more likely to be the first seven months. They will seem the worst, not because of exceptional disasters by land, sea or air, which are highly improbable; nor because of our diplomatic defeats, which can hardly continue much longer. The coming winter may seem notably unpleasant because, on the one hand, people are still harking back to an as-you-were which will never return in the same form, and on the other hand, the newer and grimmer life has been organised without much imagination. It lacks interest, excitement and, especially, colour.

A pleasant little man in my office asked the other day whether I thought the war would last through the three years indicated by the Prime Minister. I said I was neither an astrologer nor a Gamelin, although my own irresponsible guess was that our part in the Dictators' War (which, in different disguises, had already lasted since 1934) would continue for nearer two than three years. But why, I asked, was he so concerned about it? Because, he said, the civil population where he lived—in Ealing—were getting fed up with the way they were treated. He doubted, in fact, whether Ealing would stand it like this for three years.

So I sent for somebody else and enquired what his neighbours in Croydon thought about it. He said they greatly wanted us to win, but were sullen about the behaviour of "the authorities." With his wife and family evacuated, he couldn't, for instance, get any bread delivered before he shut the house in the morning; the reason being that they wouldn't let the baker use his own van, though it stood all day fifty yards away from his shop, doing sweet, A.R.P. damn-all. And why did the train-services have to be so much worse than they were when you didn't have to get home early? And why, when you were home and blacked-out, must the wireless programmes be so dull and uninspiring? Especially the way the war news were presented: most often, it was like a teacher of elocution reading a syllabus.

It was the habit of himself and his neighbours, he said, to gather in the evening round somebody's short-wave set and tune in to the queer people that broadcast German propaganda in English—particularly the one whom the popular papers have christened Lord Haw-Haw. Haw-Haw of Zeesen was the war's best serio-comic. You never failed to get some good laughs out of him; which was more than could be said about most of the B.B.C.'s comic turns that tried to be funny about the war.

To sum up, whereas Ealing might not stand it like this for three years, Croydon was willing to see it through but demanded to be inspired at intervals and entertained now and then. And the protests of Ealing and resentments of Croydon are being reproduced somewhere in every English county, with the possible exception of Rutland.

But the representatives of Croydon and Ealing began to sing a different tune after only one inspiring broadcast. That speech of Winston Churchill's, they both said on the Monday after the Sunday evening when he delivered it, lifted you right out of your own little problems: it was the

most heartening thing in the first month of the war. It put what had happened in a clear light, comforted you with good hard facts, made it seem worth while to rise above inconvenience and boredom.

Well, a Churchill is not to be had every day; but I hope he can make his speech of the month a regular event. I hope, also, that the Ministry of Information, having purged itself of much, will now consult with some of the first-class writers and speakers who have offered their talents, without fee or wish to swell the fantastic salary-list. They demand only encouragement and a lead: they and their reputations will do the rest. A writer who really is "world-famous," and especially United States-famous, asked to see the Ministry in that sense. He received a patronising reply saying that they might use him under certain circumstances, and would he please let them know his qualifications. He and the rest, as experts in humanity, should be turned loose to present points of honest view with pens and voices.

What's in a phrase? A great deal if it sticks. Napoleon's "a nation of shopkeepers" did us harm throughout the nineteenth century. And now, Mr. Churchill's phrase on the Nazi camarilla—"a group of wicked men whose hands are stained with blood and soiled with corruption"—has gone round the world and been often quoted since. It was devastating, coming as it did after an American newspaper's revelations about the fortunes hidden all over the foreign place by Ribbentrop and the rest.

Whatever the degree of truth in these revelations, they stung, and stung sharply. Otherwise Goebbels would not have been at such pains to deny it again and again, while protesting the camarilla's purity, austerity and lack of ostentation.

Was the most dignified of all newspapers hoaxed for once, when it published this the other day?

TO THE EDITOR OF
"THE TIMES."

SIR,—Reading with concern of the monks who have cut off their beards in order to put on their gas-masks, may I put forward a suggestion for the comfort of bearded men who do not wish to lose this desirable adornment? Four curling-pins may be bought at the stores and the beard tightly rolled up in these and tucked under the chin. The gas-mask is then drawn over the face, beard and all, and is perfectly airtight. This discovery has been the means of preserving my husband's magnificent beard, and I submit it to you in the hope that it may save others.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PEGGY POLLARD.

The Ropewalk, St. Mawes, Cornwall.

It is quite perfect, from the "Sir" to the address. It might have been invented by A. P. H., "Beachcomber," or Stephen Leacock. But it may be genuine after all: one of the odd Things That Happen in Wartime. In my time as a special correspondent, I was in Dublin during the last bit of Irish Civil War. Shots had been flying up and down O'Connell Street for a week. Fresh from watching Free State troops smoke out the last of the rebels from the Gresham Hotel, and Cathal Brugha rushing to be killed while firing a pair of pistols, I looked at the day's issue of the *Irish Independent*, and read at the top of the correspondence column: "Sir,—Can *nothing* be done to stop the immodesty of the boys who persist in bathing naked in the Liffey?"



"Goo-ni', ole man, and 'member . . . nexsh
air raidsh on us"

WEAR TWEEDS THIS WINTER

*in London or
the country*



Overshoe in proofed
herringbone or flecked
tweed, in various blue
brown or black/
white mixtures 17/6

This otterburn tweed has a close four-colour check which comes in tones of bracken brown on natural ground, or brown/blue on fawn. The skirt has pleats back and front.

Sizes 36, 38, 40 6 gns.

Pure cashmere sweater - - - 33/6
Felt hat with contrasting band - - - 30/-

Lillywhites LTD OF
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
AND KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Write for a copy of our Autumn Catalogue

The Highway of Fashion

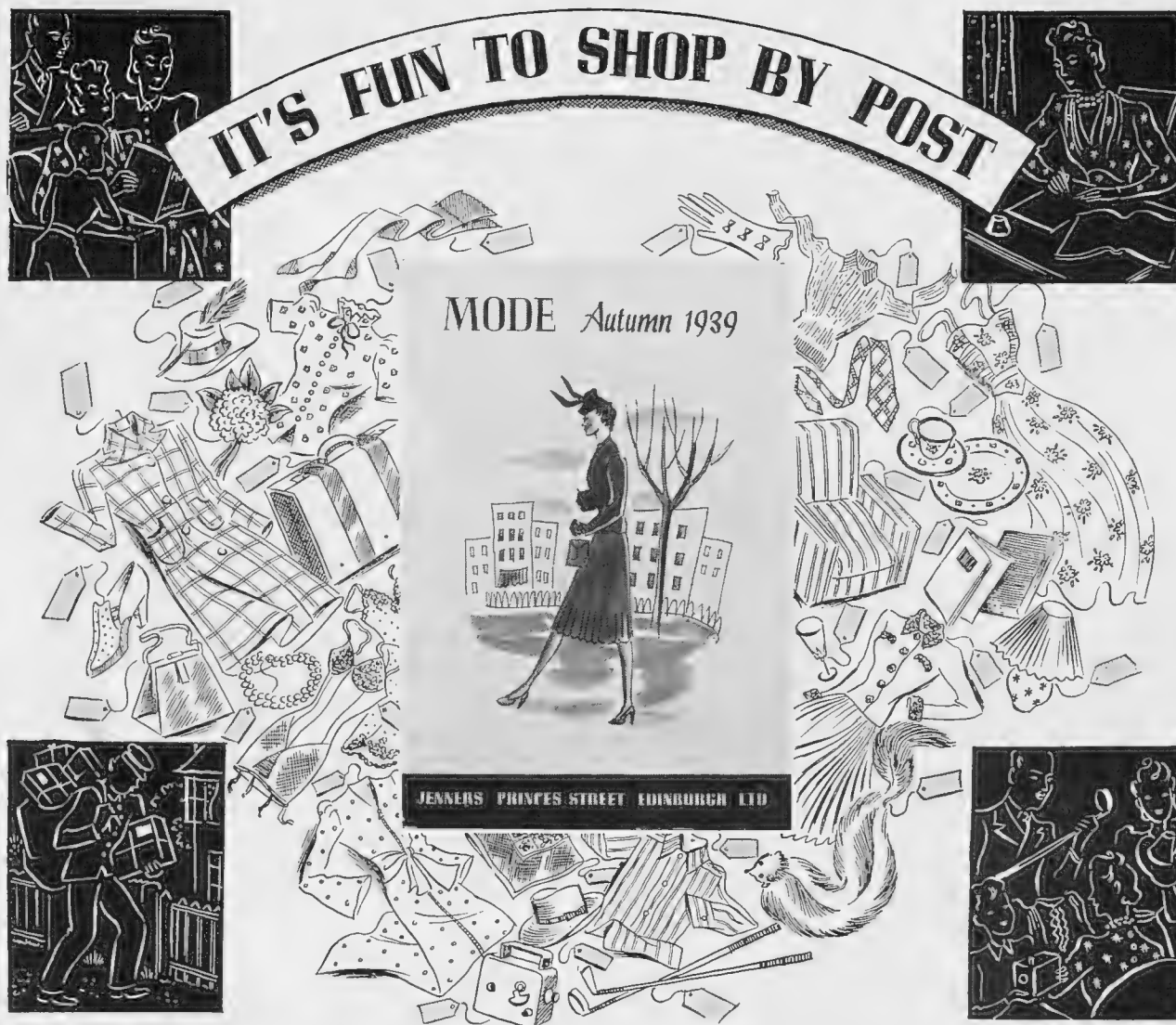
By M. E. BROOKE



WOMEN have become aware that furs are absolutely necessary, as they give the much-needed warmth without weight. Percy Vickery, 245 Regent Street, excels in furs that are endowed with long lives. Pictured above is a coat of ocelot with a good wrapover

A VERY important position is given to simple and warm dinner dresses in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The majority have long sleeves and high necks. To them must be given the credit of the delightful affair on the right. It is of a very fine wool material with sliding fastening, and although it is enriched with padded embroidery it is eight and a half guineas





FOR years and years the Letter Order Department of Jenners has been written to with confidence by men and women from all over the world. A specially trained staff, under the watchful care of the directors, gives swift and intelligent care to each letter.

Jenners issue numbers of catalogues and booklets illustrating the season's mode and other phases of fashions and interesting developments. A request



on a post-card will put you on the mailing list. "Mode," a book full of beautiful pictures of lovely clothes, is now available—copies, while they last, will be sent to anyone free. Jenners pay postage in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, except on confectionery, herbs, sweets, books, and gramophone records. Foreign postage allowance, 1s. in every £1. It's fun to shop by post if you write to the right shop.

WHEN YOU SEE A PILLARBOX THINK OF JENNERS

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED



MRS. DONALD LITTLE

Fayer

The former Miss June Weaver, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. H. Weaver, of Stanyards, Chobham, Surrey, who was married recently to Mr. T. Donald Little, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Little, of Ethandune, Hoylake, Cheshire

Norman Bayles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bayles, of Dromore, Gullane, East Lothian, and Toorak, Melbourne, Australia, and Miss Doriel Rowena Dutton, younger daughter of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur B. S. Dutton, C.B., C.M.G., and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Dutton, of Red Roses, North Berwick; Major Joscelyn Plunket Bushe-Fox, of Benlond House, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, son of Major Luke Loftus Bushe-Fox, of Cordara, Co. Longford, and Miss Cicely Catherine Agnes Pratt, daughter of the late Mr. H. Arthur Pratt, of Sedlescombe, and Mrs. Pratt, of Highfield, Cooden Drive, Bexhill-on-Sea; Second Lieutenant Thomas Warburg (Royal Signals), youngest son of the late Sir Oscar Warburg and Lady Warburg, of Headley, Epsom, and Miss Doris Elizabeth (Betty) Oliver, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Oliver, and Mrs. Oliver, of Drayton, Exmouth; Flying Officer Bruce Bonsey, second son of Mr.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

A Friday Wedding.

The wedding will take place on Friday, October 20, at 2 p.m., between Lady Elisabeth Townshend and Mr. E. Richard M. White, at East Raynham Church, Norfolk.

* * *

Dominion Engagement.

The engagement is announced

between Miss Josephine Neill, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Neill, D.S.O., and Mrs. Neill, of Barrosa, Mt. Somers, N.Z., and Mr. Warner Westenra, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Westenra, of Camla, Dunsandel, N.Z.

* *

Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced

between Mr. Ian Norman Bayles, of Dromore, Gullane, East Lothian, and Toorak, Melbourne, Australia, and Miss Doriel Rowena Dutton, younger daughter of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur B. S. Dutton, C.B., C.M.G., and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Dutton, of Red Roses, North Berwick; Major Joscelyn Plunket Bushe-Fox, of Benlond House, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, son of Major Luke Loftus Bushe-Fox, of Cordara, Co. Longford, and Miss Cicely Catherine Agnes Pratt, daughter of the late Mr. H. Arthur Pratt, of Sedlescombe, and Mrs. Pratt, of Highfield, Cooden Drive, Bexhill-on-Sea; Second Lieutenant Thomas Warburg (Royal Signals), youngest son of the late Sir Oscar Warburg and Lady Warburg, of Headley, Epsom, and Miss Doris Elizabeth (Betty) Oliver, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Oliver, and Mrs. Oliver, of Drayton, Exmouth; Flying Officer Bruce Bonsey, second son of Mr.



MISS DIANA SUTHERLAND

The younger daughter of the late Sir George Sutherland, Cringletie, Co. Peebles, whose engagement is announced to Captain Robert William Dugald Skene, son and heir of Lieutenant-Colonel P. G. Moncrieff Skene, late The Black Watch, the eighth Laird of Pitlour, and the twelfth Laird of Hallyards, Co. Fife

Arthur Bonsey and Mrs. Bonsey, of Plas Canol, Barmouth, North Wales, and Miss Anne Whitbread, only daughter of Major Robert Whitbread, of 6 St. Agnes Court, Porchester Terrace, W.2, and the late Mrs. Robert Whitbread; Mr. Peter Geoffrey Roberts, only surviving son of Sir Samuel Roberts, Bt., and Lady Roberts, of Cockley, Cley, Norfolk, and Miss Judith Randall Hempson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randall G. Hempson, of 60 Riverdale Road, Sheffield; Mr. Francis Bryan Sylvester Grimston, only son of Mr. F. S. Grimston, C.I.E., and Mrs. Grimston, of Greycoats, Park Road, Haslemere, Surrey, and Miss Monica Katherine Drummond, younger daughter of

Colonel the Hon. Sir Maurice Drummond, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Drummond, of Hill Place, Farnham Common, Bucks; Lieutenant-Commander George Whitfield, R.N., of Modreeny, Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary, and Miss Judith Corcoran, daughter of the late Sir John Corcoran, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Corcoran, of 62 Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7; Squadron Leader Dudley Lloyd Evans, M.C., D.F.C., elder son of the late Mr. Thomas Lloyd Evans and Mrs. Lloyd Evans, of Newport, Monmouthshire, and Miss Margaret Ralston Hope, only daughter of Sir Harry Hope, Bt., and Lady Hope, of Kinnettles, Angus; Captain Ronald De Ritter, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. De Ritter, of Prenton, Cheshire, and Miss Joan Talbot Coke, younger daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. Hodson Coke, of Yateley.



Catherine Bell

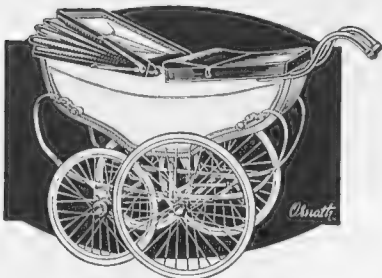
MISS HILDA MAY KIRKPATRICK

The only daughter of Major-General C. Kirkpatrick, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, 2 The Avenue, Colchester, whose engagement is announced to Mr. James Michael Jourdiar, younger son of Colonel M. J. A. Jourdiar, D.S.O., and Mrs. Jourdiar, Mettingham Pines, Bungay, Suffolk

The Elite of
Baby Carriages
is

OSNATH
WITH THE FLOATING MOTION

and every up-to-date feature that makes for easy propulsion, comfortable riding and the preservation of that glittering showroom appearance. 66 years of knowledge, experience and first-class craftsmanship go to make an OSNATH and there are models to suit every taste. Insist on seeing the name OSNATH.



This is "The London" the very latest achievement in Baby Coach design, styling and refinement. Note the new large wheels. Easier to propel, longer in wear, latest in fashion. These large wheels are available on other models.

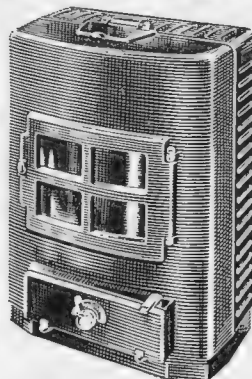
Our beautiful catalogue in colour will help you select.

ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS LTD.

19 Osnath Works, Warrington.

Keep the Home
Fires Burning
continuously

WITH AN **ESSE** HEATING STOVE



COMPLETELY
INDEPENDENT

BURNS
DAY & NIGHT

ABSOLUTE
FIRE-SAFETY

MODELS
from
£2 - 15 - 0

Catalogues, terms
and address of
nearest stockist
sent on request

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD • BONNYBRIDGE SCOTLAND

Established 1854

LONDON: 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4. & 63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1
LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place
GLASGOW: 11 Dixon St., C.1

The most economical system of heating

D.C.C.3

Glorious Curls



This NEW
Simple way

Slip a Kirbigrip on the Curl Maker, then a wisp of hair; a quick twist . . . and presto! the perfect curl. As many curls as you want and a headful in a jiffy. That's what the KIRBIGRIP CURL MAKER does and it only costs sixpence for months of use.

With every Curl Maker you get two cards of genuine Kirbigrips, the spring steel grips that never fall out.

You must get this clever Curl Maker. Ask for the KIRBIGRIP CURL MAKER Card, complete with Curl Maker and Kirbigrips for Sixpence, at your Stores, Hairdressers, Boots etc.

Made in England by
KIRBY, BEARD & Co Ltd
Birmingham and London



6th KIRBIGRIP
CURL MAKER

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS WOMEN'S AUXILIARY SERVICES



The Hector Powe organization, with its wide experience and exceptional resources, is at your service for the provision of Officers' Uniform and Equipment for the A.T.S., W.A.A.F. and the W.R.N.S. We are in a position to give specially prompt delivery. The highest standard of workmanship holds good in every detail. Call at any branch or, if this is not convenient, ask us to send a Travelling Tailor to you.

HECTOR POWE
NAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F. & CIVIL TAILOR

165 Regent Street, London, W.1

Telephone: REGent 4060 for London Branches

Also at: Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Newcastle, Skeffeld, Hull, Middlesbrough, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Birmingham, Coventry, Bournemouth, Belfast, Brighton, Plymouth, Norwich, Bristol, Cardiff.



Furs

FOR SMART TOWN WEAR

Coat of cocoa dyed Russian Ermine 169 gns.

Three-quarter length coats of dyed Canadian Ermine from 89 gns.

SHOP HOURS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE:
MON. TO FRI. 9—5.30. SATS. 9—1

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Debenhams, Ltd.

For
**FACE
and
HANDS**

Larola

SOFTENS and
BEAUTIFIES
the SKIN and
COMPLEXION

1'6 and 2'6
From Chemists & Stores

For Summer's Heat and Winter's Cold
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Our members are, as was to be expected, all "doing their bit." Lady Burton has turned Rangemore into a Red Cross Depot and is very busy, and from all sides I get letters telling of the various jobs which have been taken on. I am glad to say there is a total absence of panic and all are determined to

breeds, "stay put" when there.

One of the breeds that has survived the loss of his occupation is the Dalmatian. In the eighteenth century his job was to run with the coaches and chariots of smart people—in this connexion it is as well to remember that the wheeled traffic was then very much slower than it became in the nineteenth



PRIZE-WINNING DALMATIANS

Property of Miss Grant-Ives

GROUP OF IRISH WOLFHOUNDS

Property of Miss Croucher



SHI TZU

Property of Miss Hutchins

century—with the departure of heavy carriages the Dalmatian's occupation went, and for some time he was completely in eclipse. Since our last war he has re-emerged and become extremely popular. He is a most handsome dog, of a lovely shape, and his spots add to his appearance. When accepted as a companion he at once showed those qualities of intelligence and devotion which are latent in almost every dog. Miss Grant-Ives has Dalmatians as well as Cavalier King Charles's and sends a photograph of a group of prize winners. She has also a stud of small ponies which must keep her busy at present, as there is such a demand for them.

The Shi Tzu is one of the latest additions to the list of breeds. He came from Pekin but his original home is supposed to have been Tibet, from whence he came to China about three hundred years ago. He is an attractive little dog, full of character, and with an arrogant demeanour which seems peculiar to dogs of China; witness the Chow and the Pekinese. He had an immediate success and is now very popular; he is hardy and intelligent, and a good watchdog, also excellent with children. Miss Hutchins has a kennel of Shi Tzus in Ireland and the photograph is of one of her dogs.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam Southampton.

Just off the Press!

SAMUEL SODEN'S NEW CATALOGUE of FURS

Attractive Deferred Terms are available at no extra cost

A beautifully designed Model—perfectly furried from fine quality Marmot pelts selected for their rich beauty. Today's price **16 Gns.**

MUFF to match - 4 Gns.

FURS on APPROVAL

A selection of Furs will gladly be forwarded on Approval for inspection in your own home. Write for Catalogue and particulars.

Samuel Soden Ltd.
Court Furriers
142/4 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1
Tele: REGent 6073 (5 lines)

BIRMINGHAM
102, Corporation Street
NEWCASTLE
79, Grainger Street
CARDIFF
69, Queen Street

Branch Establishments at:
MANCHESTER
60, Market Street
LEEDS
8, Bond Street
BRIGHTON
155/6, Western Road

LIVERPOOL
77, Church Street
PLYMOUTH
24, Bedford Street
GLASGOW
109, Sauchiehall Street



Before



After

5,000 MILES JOURNEY FOR YOUTH

Before the treatment, showing loss of contour of face and neck, puffiness and lines under and above the eyes.

After the treatment. Full of life again. Absolutely unretouched photograph showing the marvellous result of the Hystogen Treatment. The natural expression has been restored and her face will remain young permanently.

Men and women from the remotest corners of the world come to London to have their faces attended to, and to have the signs of age, worry and ill-health immediately and permanently removed. These absolutely unretouched photographs taken before and after the treatment give an idea of the miraculous results achieved. The treatment has been invented and is practised by a famous Swiss specialist with 30 years' experience, at the Hystogen Institute, 30 Old Quebec Street (Portman Square), London, W.1, where he has treated over 10,000 cases. Call for a free consultation or write for illustrated brochure. Tel. Pad. 5912.

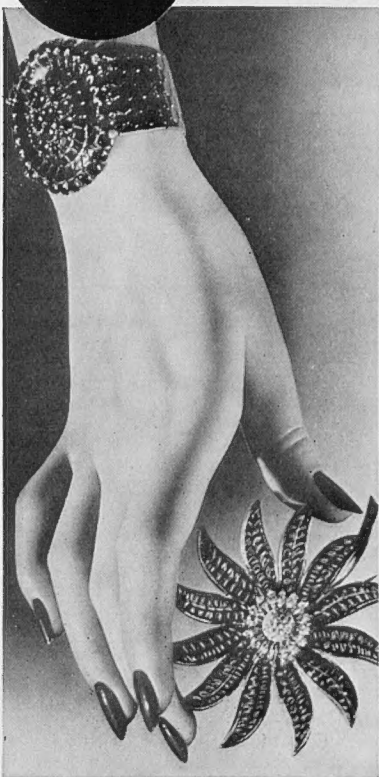
THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist Mr. G. H. Davis, which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, each measuring over three feet wide. Included among them are a submarine, a destroyer, a cruiser, an aircraft carrier and a battleship.

BOUND IN A BLUE LEATHER FINISH COVER (Size 20½" × 14½")
PRICE 3/6 (By post: Inland 4/3; Foreign and Eire 4/6)

Order, with remittance, should be sent to The Publisher,
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON

Revlon *Jueltone*
ONE SHADE IN
THREE TONES



"Revlon's JUELSTONE is the outstanding fashion story this year." Revlon creates a new nail enamel idea...one shade in three tones! On your fingertips, it's the final accent for smartness. This fascinating shade is made in three gradations of tone—light, medium, dark. JUELSTONE-1 is light, delicate...JUELSTONE-2 is medium, more intense...JUELSTONE-3 is dark, dazzling. Each is as effective as exquisite jewels with smart new frocks...each makes hands appear softer, lovelier. It's Revlon for smartness and Revlon for wear—in all Revlon's 21 fashion-right shades. To support weak, brittle nails, use Revlon's PROLONG. Ask for Revlon at good stores and beauty salons.



CALMON & NEATE, LTD.
8, Gerrard St., W. 1



A Corduroy Velvet

Slack Suit
that is
Weatherproofed!

Perfectly tailored slim-line slacks and jacket. In cheery warm-tinted shades of corduroy—Garnet, Emerald, Ruby, Sapphire or also Navy and Nigger. Choose your suit in all one shade or with contrasting slacks and "top."

Slacks	2 gns.
Jacket	2 gns.

If you cannot call
our special Post
Order organisation
will deal with
your order
promptly and
efficiently.

Aquascutum Ltd
OF
100 REGENT STREET W.1
Regent 4114

12,000 MILES AWAY —IT'S JUST LIKE HOME

At the Hostels of the British Sailors' Society—A Home-from-Home atmosphere welcomes all Seamen in leading Ports throughout the world. Will you help us to keep the doors open? Hon. Treasurer: Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., etc., 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCY.

REJUVENATION YOUR FACE 15 years younger

In UNIFORM or PUBLIC LIFE it is important to LOOK as YOUNG as possible.

THIN FACE, DOUBLE CHIN, WRINKLES, SAGGING CONTOUR, Crêpy NECK, etc., PERMANENTLY remedied at ONE VISIT. This is GUARANTEED by Mme. MANNERS who has had nearly 20 years' experience.

Consultation Free. Fees from 5 guineas. Regent 2683.
MADAME MANNERS, LTD., 43 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
AND AT HOVE—by Appointment



Recapture THE VITALITY OF YOUTH!

THE SPRING OF LIFE. It Grips—It Holds, brings back the will to live.

Nature's greatest Tonic of all times.

This most wonderful new preparation banishes wrinkles like magic, recaptures lost youth and vital energy.

K.I.O. REJUVENAL

Packed in boxes, 10/6 and one guinea. Test it for YOURSELF—5/- brings you a GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLE.

Write now to Dept. T, KAIT'S PHARMACIES LTD., 77 HIGH STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON, N.W.1

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old Sporting Prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.



Where will you get your **UNIFORM?**

You would be wise to go to a firm who have had long experience of the intricacies of Service wear. We have been military outfitters for over fifty years and can supply Officers immediately, not only with uniform, but full equipment, boots, shirts, camp kit, field glasses, prismatic compasses, etc.

Will you write for our price list of uniforms **READY FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR** or made to measure in 48 hours, and full equipment? Please mention which Service you are joining.

W.A.A.F., A.T.S., and W.R.N.S.

Women's uniforms for all Services and all ranks made to measure at shortest notice. Guaranteed to conform with regulations.

POST ORDERS

All Orders by post will be fulfilled and goods dispatched without delay

MOSS BROS

& CO. LTD.

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of KING ST. and BEDFORD ST., W.C.2
TEmple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

And at 5 ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER, 2
Also 29 London Rd., Camberley, Surrey

During the winter months most of our staff will be leaving an hour before "blackout" time to enable them to get home with safety. There will always be a small number of competent assistants remaining until our usual closing time for customers who cannot conveniently shop in daylight.

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for a spinster over sixty—a shop assistant. This brave soul has had many operations for tuberculosis and is only just able to do her own room in her very crippled condition. Her eyesight is now failing. She is eligible for a pension next May and the Friends of the Poor are most anxious to provide 10s. weekly until then.

The Society also needs 4s. weekly to help a man and wife whose only income is 20s. from the Old Age Pension. The husband is beyond work and the wife is deaf and nearly dumb and is, further, suffering from heart trouble. Extra food is necessary for this poor old couple so please help the Friends of the Poor to give them this necessity.

* * *

The play with which the Richmond Theatre should have re-opened, after summer vacation, was called *The French for Love*, a new light comedy written by Marguerite Steen and Derek Patmore, but it was only found possible to arrange for its production on Monday last, October 9, and performances will take place at 7.15 all this week with a late matinée at 4.45 on Saturday.

The comedy, written in the French manner, portrays the carefree existence of an English gentleman who has fled from the boredom of dull matrimony to an idyllic existence in the villa in the South of France, but whose quiet sojourn is interrupted by the unwelcome reminder that he has a daughter of marriageable age on whose forthcoming engagement he is expected to bestow a paternal blessing.

The strong cast includes Alice Delysia and Hugh Wakefield, who will be supported by Athene Seyler, Rosalyn Boulter, Carl Jaffé and John Penrose.

* * *

"If war should come, there will be many cases of blindness caused by hostile activities, but we have taken all steps possible to deal with the situation as it arises."

These words of mingled foreboding and promise, written while war was still only a "shadow across the path of all who aim to better the lot of humanity," appear in the seventieth annual report of the National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8 Great Portland St., London, W.1.

At the time of the outbreak of war, this vast co-operative movement was carrying forward its humanitarian work in an ever-widening field; and the work is not to be allowed to slow down because of the present tragic circumstances. In wartime the needs of the blind are greater than at any other time, so the institute and the other agencies for the blind have decided to "carry on" without relaxation.

The institute is particularly anxious that those whose generous support has made its great work possible will also "carry on," remembering, amid the chaos of the hour, the problems of the sightless.

* * *

CORRECTION

We regret that in Mr. Peter Traill's review of the novel, "No Southern Gentleman," by MAURICE GRIFFITHS (Rich & Cowan Ltd.), the price was misquoted as being 10s. 6d. The price of the book is 8s. 6d.

* * *

AN APOLOGY

In our issue of September 27 we reproduced a photograph which in error we described as being of Mrs. Brian Williams. The portrait was of her sister, Mrs. Owen Roberts and her two little daughters. We much regret this error and any inconvenience it may have caused.



GOLF GOES ON

Lady Holdsworth and her son, Mr. R. Holdsworth, are pictured playing over the Buckland course near Faringdon, in Berkshire. Lady Holdsworth's husband, Sir William Searle Holdsworth, is Vinerian Professor in English Law at Oxford and a Fellow of All Souls. Their son is a former stroke of the Oxford boat

ENGLISH HOTELS

SAFETY ZONE

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

Telephone: HASTINGS 869

Massive building on island site facing sea

Wide, straight corridors, east, west and central staircases, central lift to all floors to entrance

Gas-proof and splinter-proof rooms with lavatory
Suites and rooms all centrally heated with h. and c., and multi-spring beds are available now. English staff, every modern comfort, moderate tariff

CARLTON HOTEL

Right on sea-front. Full South. Five-star A.A. Private suites if desired. Hot or cold sea-water baths. Tel.: 6560.
Garage 60 cars.

BOURNEMOUTH

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

PRICES FROM 4 GUINEAS.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

HELP

URGENTLY NEEDED for training Crippled Girls

Ninety per cent of the girls in our Crippleage are unemployable in the ordinary channels of industry! They are happy under our care, but thousands of other crippled girls dread the future because they cannot earn a living unaided. We want to help these. And we CAN. By patience and sympathetic understanding, we train such cripples to make artificial flowers and so enable them to become partially self-supporting. Unfortunately, it is all we can do to maintain our present strength—340 girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell. The "WAITING LIST" grows bigger and bigger.

Must we continue to turn a deaf ear to these appeals for help?

WILL YOU JOIN WITH THOSE WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THIS NOBLE WORK TO BE EXTENDED?

Annual Report gives fuller details. Please write for a copy.

**JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
AND FLOWER GIRLS' MISSION**
37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell,
London, E.C.1.

POPPY DAY IN WAR TIME

For 18 years British people have given freely to Lord Haig's Poppy Day Appeal. Their generosity has built up the World's finest beneficent organisation for men who have served their Country in War.

With the tragedy of War again forced on us, OUR NEEDS ARE GREATER.

The men now serving, and those who will be serving in the anxious days ahead, are to share with their fathers of 1914/18 the benefits of all British Legion schemes of assistance.

POPPY DAY is of even greater importance in War time. It is unquestionably the finest medium through which you can help those who serve the Empire.

DONATIONS AND POPPY SELLERS

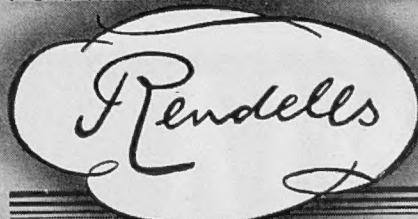
These are our urgent needs. Please send gifts and offers of help to your local Poppy Day Committee, or to:

HAIG'S FUND, CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY

TWO GENERATIONS NEED YOUR HELP

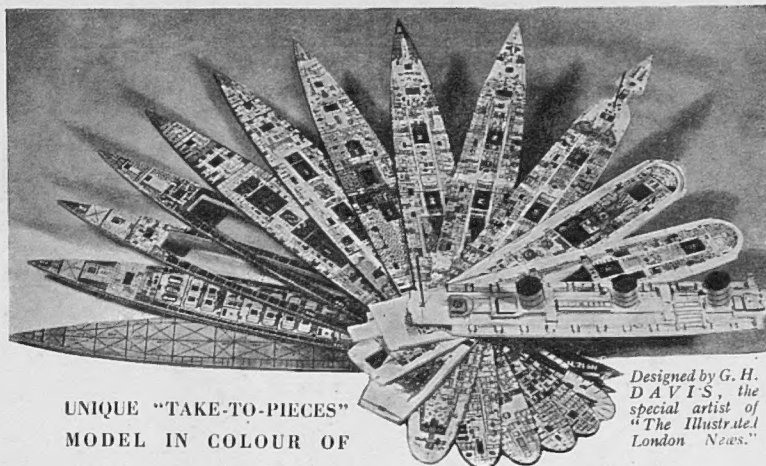
PLEASE BE VERY GENEROUS

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS



FAMOUS SINCE 1885

APPROVED BY DOCTORS



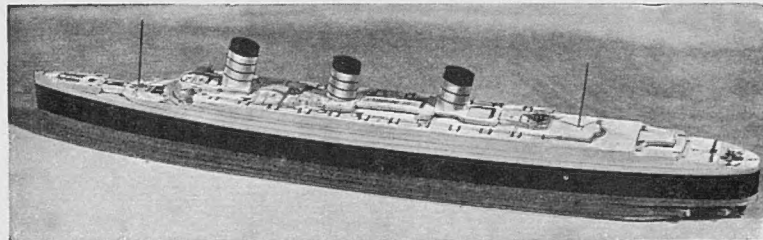
UNIQUE "TAKE-TO-PIECES"
MODEL IN COLOUR OF

R.M.S. QUEEN MARY

There are few things more intriguing and instructive than these "movable deck" models of R.M.S. QUEEN MARY. Deck by deck the ship's wonderful interior may be examined. Correct and to scale, all decks are numbered, and details can be identified very easily by reference to a guide supplied. The model is 12 inches long, price 3/6, postage and packing inland 9d. extra. Abroad 2/6 extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
23-24 FETTER LANE - LONDON, E.C.4



Gordana
FOR ELEGANT HANDS 4/6 & 7/6
In the classical jar with its charming ivory hand motif
An exclusive and luxurious hand cream. Whitens and softens hands with immediate & lasting results. Non-greasy & delicately perfumed.

BRITISH BEAUTIFYING PRODUCTS LTD

Dist'rs Sutton & Partners 45 Hertford St. W.1

ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

removed for ever from face or body IN ONE TREATMENT ONLY by Diathermo-Coagulation. No Case incurable. GUARANTEED DEFINITIVE. Special Home Treatment, 10/6 post free.

(for those unable to attend for Diathermy) 12/6 abroad

LILLIAN GRANT

Practising personally at Paris & London Consulting Rooms. Write only:—13, River Way, Ewell, Surrey, England.

Stop that **COLD**
with **VAPEX**

... ONLY IN BRITANNIA & EVE DO YOU GET STORIES LIKE THESE

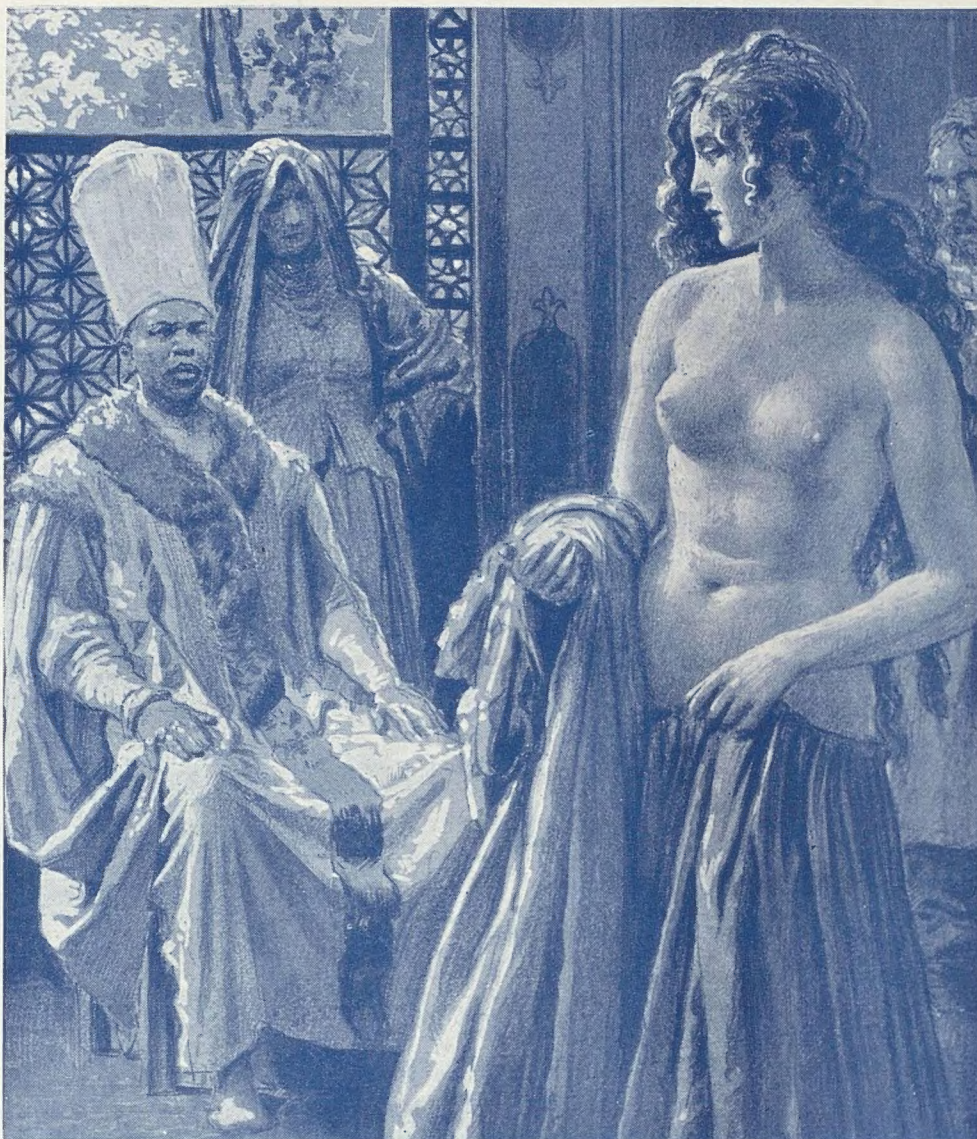
A TEMPTING subject which for lack of reliable references has for a long time been avoided by serious historians, is the seraglio of Constantinople. A great deal has been written about it, but the secrecy maintained in that impenetrable place makes it clear that legend constitutes a big part of the existing material.

A sudden stroke of good fortune has, however, brought to my attention a wealth of reference on that subject. I have come across an erudite narrative written by one signing herself Lady No. 10. Further inquiries have revealed that Lady No. 10 was one of the odalisques who evidently had occupied her leisure time in secretly writing of the life in the seraglio, recounting her contemporaries and her predecessors. She has most accurately described what she saw and learned in that golden prison to which could have been so appropriately applied that well-known line of Dante which runs: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

In what year this manuscript found its way out of the seraglio is not known, but it was first published in Milan as late as 1868. Let us look on that romantic world where life was keyed up to the most concentrated state of human feeling, where love, hatred, power, vanity, tenderness, tyranny and often madness intermingled with the horrors of hell and the delights of heaven.

Originally the seraglio was situated in the very centre of Constantinople, but towards the beginning of the sixteenth century Solyman II removed it to an enchanting site on the seashore at the extreme end of the town. A great lover of beauty, Solyman built his seraglio with barbaric luxury, whilst adding the refinements imported from every part of the world, chiefly from Venice.

Within the precincts of this Garden of Eden there was accommodation for 5000 people, including the 2000 military guards that occupied the first court. The remaining 3000 was composed of the women of the Harem, the officials and the slaves in their varied capacities. Not one of these slaves was Turkish, they were all what was called children of tribute—that is to say, boys and girls specially chosen from amongst the people of vanquished nations. . . . *You'll want to read all of this fine story of Rosselana, the kidnapped girl who became an Empress: written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I., in the series "Old Tales Retold."*



THE ENTERTAINING CONTENTS OF THE OCTOBER ISSUE INCLUDE THESE PEOPLE

By Marjory Hessel Tiltman

A young diplomat in Tokyo is left gasping by the intricacies of the oriental mind and thereby finds true romance.

WINGS OF WRATH

By Dale Collins

A millionaire's daughter sets her heart on marriage and by subtle means gets her father's consent.

A FAVOUR TO OLD VIENNA

By John Haggart

Two survivors of the old regime help two young people to escape from Nazi persecution . . . and find happiness in their sacrifice.

THE SPLIT SECOND

By C. Patrick Thompson

This enthralling article shows the speed-up that has occurred in every walk of life.

CRISIS

By Barbara Hedworth

The English wife of a wealthy Austrian resident in London needs an international crisis to warn her of the crisis rapidly approaching in her own life.

BEAUTY SECRETS

By Chrysis

More of those unusual beauty hints which all smart women adore.

MOTORING SECTION

Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan

Many new 1940 models described and illustrated.

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

These pages of new autumn models will delight smart women everywhere.

AND MANY MORE STORIES AND ARTICLES

FICTION, FASHION, BETTER HOUSEKEEPING, MOTORING—**ALL ARE INCLUDED IN**

BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE NEW-STYLE MAGAZINE—ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS